Saturday Night

April 24, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

Ever since he wagered an apple against possession of Eden and lost, man has been trying to reconcile his conviction that gambling is sinful with his instinct to take a chance, a schizophrenic activity that has kept him in a swirl of guilty confusion. When man is both confused and guilt-ridden, his first impulse is to don a legal hairshirt as a sort of penance and he forthwith passes a law. His mind thus eased and his conscience appeased, he proceeds to devise means to make the wearing of the shirt less irritating, and it is not until he begins to think about a change of underwear that he discovers what an odd assortment of patches the old garment has become.

The patchwork of law designed to suppress or control gambling in Canada has been pitilessly exposed during recent weeks at Ottawa as a parliamentary committee gathered opinion after opinion about the sections of the Criminal Code that deal with lotteries and games of chance. Lighting the stolid prose of formal briefs presented to the committee has been a glow of wonderful legal confusion: a man can bet as much as he likes at a race track but is forbidden to buy a raffle ticket

Ashley & Crippen

JACQUELINE JAMES: Planned coincidences. *(Page 4)*

Cadillac

Worth Its Price in Prestige!

If a motorist wanted to make the move to Cadillac solely for the car's prestige—he would most certainly be justified in doing so. For the rewards which grow out of Cadillac's unprecedented public acceptance comprise the rarest and greatest satisfactions in all motordom—*an inescapable feeling of pride, a wonderful sense of well-being, and a marvelous feeling of confidence and self-esteem.* Those who presently enjoy these unique Cadillac virtues will tell you that they are, in themselves, worth the car's whole purchase price. Of course, most motorists would hesitate to take such a step purely for their personal edification. But in Cadillac's case this wonderful prestige is actually a "bonus", so to speak—an extra dividend that comes with every Cadillac car . . . in addition to its breath-taking styling, its magnificent performance and its superlative luxury. Have you as yet seen and driven the 1954 Cadillac? If you haven't, then you've a truly wonderful adventure awaiting you—and one that you should postpone no longer

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

on his way home; he can play bingo all night at an agricultural fair, but he becomes a criminal if he steps outside the grounds to pay 25 cents for the chance of winning a car; his wife can help to raffle off a prize worth $49.95 at a church bazaar, but if it is worth $51 she could be fined $100 or sent to jail for a year. Example after example of the strange division between propriety and illegality in gambling was given, particularly in the presentation of William B. Common, Ontario's director of public prosecutions, whose sober summation was:

"This matter of lotteries seems to be regarded as a social question rather than a moral one. A great cross-section of the community cannot regard the lottery law as part of the criminal law. . . This public attitude is reflected in the fact that service clubs, churches, labor unions and generally all organizations with a charitable or philanthropic object consider it quite proper to stage raffles."

Mr. Common could have added that if an all-out effort were made to prosecute all the people who somehow violate the present gambling laws, the result would be chaos; the courts would be clogged and the agencies of law enforcement paralyzed. And governments themselves tacitly admit the propriety of controlled gambling by permitting it at racetracks.

These are facts of Canadian life which the parliamentary committee cannot ignore, but to curb any impulse to do away with restraints on the running of lotteries and games of chance, there is this to remember, too: gambling quickly becomes the bread and butter of the big operators in crime. The present laws can and must be made more sensible, more practical and less remote from the nation's social attitudes, without weakening the power of police to strike at racketeers. Indeed, regulations that *can* be enforced with equal justice in all parts of the country will help, rather than deter, our efforts to separate our sins and our diversions.

Raw Courage

OUR INTELLIGENCE agent in England reports that a friend of his, who has some sort of inspection job with the government, had occasion to visit a wooded park area the other day, during a spell of particularly sharp weather. Set deep in the park is a nudist camp, and there the government man found two male residents hard at work, one chopping wood and the other repairing a fence. They were stark naked except for rubber boots on their feet. The official report: "The best examples of true-blue Englishmen I have ever encountered".

Dialectic of Love

THE RUSSIANS, it seems, are a pretty bourgeois lot after all. Grigori Alexandrov, who headed the Soviet delegation to the recent Film Festival in Cannes, confessed that film-goers in the Soviet Union do not like to have their romance mixed up with the paraphernalia of the machine-state; they do not like to hear the tender passage between man and maid cluttered up with talk about production quotas or the performance ratio of the latest thing in tractors. They cling to the old-fashioned, or pre-revolutionary, style of pitching woo, and according to M. Alexandrov, that's what they will get in the future from the Russian studios. There seemed to be a note of regret in the chief delegate's report, as if he felt that, with the clean, simple line of technical dialogue abandoned, the film-makers would all be at sexes and sins.

The Front Page

Prior Rights

APART FROM the rejection of Quebec's demand for full deduction of provincial income tax from the federal levy, Finance Minister Abbott's latest (and probably his last) budget was a listless thing, a strange compound of great expectations for the future and complacent regard for past good fortune. It gave no indication that the Government intended to be more thrifty but hopefully suggested that conditions would improve enough during the year to support the free spending that seems to have become a federal habit. It made a fine show of reducing or eliminating excise taxes on a variety of commodities from fur coats to fire engines, but on few things that will mean much to hundreds of thousands of Canadians who have been out of work or on short time during the past several weeks.

There was no niggling, however, about the decision to stick to the federal statute that allows a deduction of no more than five per cent to any province levying an income tax of its own. Mr. Abbott made it abundantly clear that the Federal Government would oppose any attempt to establish in practice the doctrine enunciated by Premier Duplessis that the provinces have prior rights in the field of direct taxation. "If a province had the suggested constitutional priority," he said, "then nothing short of the right to reduce federal tax by 100 per cent would be the stopping point." The principle was "completely unacceptable", but discussion was always possible on proposals "which respect the rights of both federal and provincial authorities under the constitution, which would be fair to all ten provinces and leave the Federal Government in a position to discharge its national obligations".

The storm broke quickly and furiously about Mr. Abbott's head. "Ottawa declares war on Quebec!" shouted *Le Devoir*, a newspaper notably unfriendly to Mr. Duplessis until the budget came down. Montreal's English-language newspapers were warier. The *Gazette*, for example, called for statesmanship: "This is a problem that could best be negotiated by the leader of the Government at Ottawa and the leader of the Government at Quebec. Negotiation at this level seems called for under the urgency of the need. . . . Surely Canadian statesmanship before now has solved problems as great, if not far greater. . . . Surely this problem has within it something better than an insoluble conflict of authority." Outside Quebec, most newspaper opinion supported the stand taken by Mr. Abbott.

While all this was going on, what were the premiers of other provinces thinking? Did they agree or disagree with the Duplessis doctrine? We decided to make a quick check.

Premier J. R. Smallwood of Newfoundland wasted no words, and put his Liberal Government solidly behind its big brother in Ottawa. "I do not agree with Premier Duplessis in this matter," he said.

Capital Press

FINANCE MINISTER ABBOTT

Capital Press

PREMIER DUPLESSIS

Premier Hugh John Flemming of New Brunswick was not going to commit his Conservatives to any snap judgment, but made the interesting suggestion that a Dominion-provincial conference might be necessary. His comment was: "Your question seems to me to involve consideration of the entire problem of Dominion-provincial relations, particularly as they relate to taxation fields. I would be disposed to regard any pronouncement . . . as premature before an opportunity is provided for Canada and the Provinces to meet around the conference table."

Moving from the East to the West, we got in touch with Premier T. C. Douglas of Saskatchewan. His reply was prompt and clear: "Constitutionally, there is no doubt that both Federal and Provincial Governments enjoy equal rights in the field of direct taxation. Saskatchewan has consistently supported the principles laid down by the Rowell-Sirois Commission that the Federal Government bears full responsibility for policies designed first to maintain full employment and income throughout the national economy and second to assist all provinces on the basis of need in providing all citizens with a minimum national standard of services at equalized cost. We support the rental of the important direct tax fields to the Federal Government in order to arm it with the fiscal powers necessary to carry out these essential policies. The special concession asked by Premier Duplessis's administration endangers the existing basis of the tax rental agreements with nine provinces and thus seriously weakens the fiscal powers vested in the Federal Government by the agreements."

Another western opinion was that of Manitoba's Premier Douglas Campbell: "The question is . . . essentially a constitutional one. Though I do not regard myself as an expert in this field, I am glad to give a layman's opinion. It seems to me that the opportunity for confusion and misunderstanding is encouraged by the ambiguity which arises in laymen's minds and I am sure in the minds of many experts when they realize that by Sections 91 and 92, wherein certain powers are allocated to the Federal Parliament and provincial Legislatures, the right to levy direct taxation is 'exclusively' assigned to both authorities, it is difficult for a layman to understand why such a fertile ground for misunderstanding has been allowed to exist so long. It seems to me that this situation constitutes an additional argument why the BNA Act, as a vital part of the Canadian constitution, should as soon as possible be placed entirely under Canadian jurisdiction with proper safeguards for the Provinces.

and that steps should be immediately taken to remove the ambiguity created by the so-called exclusive assignment of an identical power to both Federal and Provincial Governments. In the meantime, however, my opinion is that in spite of the confusion that can so easily arise under the present wording of the Act, both the Federal and Provincial Governments have full authority to levy direct taxation."

We also asked various private citizens in different parts of the country what the reaction of public opinion was to Mr. Abbott's statement, and we learnt that those who had formed an opinion (most people apparently had dismissed it as "just another fight between Ottawa and Duplessis") thought that the Federal Government's decision was justified. All in all, then, it seems that Mr. Duplessis is not going to get much support outside his own province, and that the national Conservative party will run the risk of losing support in the other nine provinces if it makes a really vigorous bid for voting power in Quebec by defending the "provincial priority" doctrine.

Spiking the Punch

IT'S A GOOD thing that U.S. army authorities turned down the offer by a retired general of a reward to the first non-commissioned officer who punched the nose of Pte. David Schine, the drafted member of the quaint McCarthy team of Cohn and Schine. Scarcely had the general's offer been reported when a former master sergeant announced that he would put up twice as much as an inducement for someone to punch the general in the nose, which shows how quickly this sort of thing could get out of hand. In no time at all, well-heeled ex-servicemen and retired senior officers would be competing in a frantic auction, trying to outbid each other for the services of mercenaries who would flatten the noses and black the eyes of various military personages. Where would it stop? Not short of civil war, we fear, with soldiers of all ranks busily bashing each other and making fortunes thereby. Besides, it would play hob with discipline if the Chief of Staff showed up some morning with a shiner.

Happy Actress

LEIGHTON BRILL, producer of Melody Fair, which has become a summer institution in Toronto, has been busy these last couple of weeks rounding out the cast for the 1954 season, but this year his plans will not include a young woman who has become a great favorite for her work in various shows in the city. She is Jacqueline James, who leaves soon to take over the role of Adelaide in the London production of *Guys and Dolls*.

"I was to have played in Melody Fair again this summer, but of course I shan't be able to now," Miss James told us the other day. "That's my one regret about going to England. But getting the part of Adelaide, replacing the star in a hit show, is a wonderful bit of luck. Actually, I was chosen to go a year ago, for Coronation year, but then Vivian Blaine decided to go and her original contract provided for that if she wanted to. Now she's leaving the cast. Perhaps after about a year I'll be ready to try for a star part on Broadway. John—my husband—is going with me. We always go together and take an apartment wherever we stay.

"I'm one of the few actresses who have the same name as their husbands," she said. "It was the result of a sort of planned coincidence. Many things in my life seem to have happened that way. I saw him first in a film. I was with my family in Alaska then, working for the Army Air Corps as an aircraft dispatcher. I met him later in Hollywood, and he was learning to fly. I had never thought of acting, but we made a deal; I was to teach him aircraft radio procedure and he'd teach me to act. We never did get around to the radio procedure part, but I met his mother, a fine dramatic coach and she said, 'Jacqueline, we'll have to change your name from Hammet; in this business we can't afford to have ham even in your name'. I had decided I was going to marry him, so I made my name James a little early. We've been married for eight years.

"I did some modelling and took singing lessons in Chicago. Then John went to New York, and after seeing the current shows, phoned me. 'This is for you,' he said. I was afraid, but I sold what furniture I could and gave away the rest. There were still payments to be made on the car, so I called the dealer and told him to come and take it away. I arrived in New York with $14. John had $2 by that time. I went to every chorus audition —I wanted to do that to get my feet wet—and was picked for every show. I took the first offer, though—we were so broke! But it's all been fun, broke or not, and I think I'm one of the happiest people alive."

The Age of Automation

TED F. SILVEY, a member of the staff of Walter Reuther, President of the CIO, would talk to the Personnel Association of Toronto about automation, the announcement said, and our curiosity thus whetted, we made a call on Mr. Silvey to find out what it was all about.

"Automation," Mr. Silvey said, "is a coined, created word, utilized by job specialists in the study of closed loop or feed-back factory systems whereby automatic production is implemented, especially in high tolerance metal work. These machines can make judgments of tolerance finer than human beings can, and do many other things the human brain is simply incapable of at high speeds. The Ford engine block plant at Cleveland, Ohio, for example, is run almost entirely by tape-controlled machines. Thus it employs a few hundred workers instead of many thousands."

A man came up, shook his hand warmly and wished him the best of luck. "The increased mechanization of factories has been going on for a long time, of course," Mr. Silvey said, after the interruption. "It has always been a continuing process. The only new thing about it now is that, for the first time, machines are replacing the human brain as well as human muscle. That is why we in the CIO are doing a lot of thinking about a guaranteed annual wage, which is a natural development with the introduction of the push-button factory. The objective of the CIO is to stimulate employer responsibility to assure continued employment. No union of the CIO will make demands on an employer for the guaranteed annual wage beyond the ability of the company to pay it. The union isn't crazy, and we are not encouraging malingering. But we've got to think about the problem of steady work, which means 52 pay cheques each year. With automation a reality, and

Gilbert A. Milne

TED F. SILVEY

our technology constantly devising more automatic production, the annual wage is something we've all got to think about, whatever our interests or station in life."

Mr. Silvey was beginning to tell us about himself—his birthplace in New Hampshire, his training as a printer, his appointment in 1935 as editor of a union newspaper in Columbus, Ohio, and his journey to Germany in 1946 to look into the administration of the German workmen's compensation law—when a messenger handed him a clutch of telegrams. "Work," he said, with no trace of distaste in his voice, and we took this as our cue to leave.

The Temple Incident

WHEN IT was learnt that Queen Elizabeth would visit the Buddhist Temple of the Tooth during her stay in Ceylon, there was enough "worried comment" (the delicate phrase used by Reuters) by some British religious groups to prompt an official announcement that the Queen would not be required to go through Buddhist acts of worship at the temple.

One of the great trials endured by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family is the whining of the mean-minded people who have appointed themselves judges of the whole range of royal conduct, and rant and rave at anything that does not fit into their own miserable little pattern of intolerance. The outcry about the visit to the Temple of the Tooth is an illustration of the sort of nasty sniping constantly being aimed at the Queen, her husband and her sister.

Among her millions of subjects, Queen Elizabeth has great numbers of Moslems, Buddhists, Jews and people of various other religious beliefs who are just as loyal and just as proud to be members of the British Commonwealth as the Christians in her realm who watch her so jealously. Those who are not Christians are not second-class subjects, no matter what the mean prejudices of some self-elected pukka sahibs might be. The Queen is a high-minded and wise young woman; surely she can be trusted to carry out her responsibilities to *all* her people with dignity and understanding. She rejoices in the title of Defender of the Faith; it is time that the phrase got its richest, fullest interpretation.

After the Fire-ball

A FRIEND of ours who spends his time studying philosophy, and therefore is able to take a pretty cool, other-world look at the odd things that go on around him, has been giving a lot of thought to the latest thermonuclear developments. He tells us that so far he has reached one conclusion: if this H-bomb business gets out of hand, it will mean the end of the age of the common man, because after the smoke clears away men will be very uncommon indeed.

Displaced Birds

EARLY TESTS of the anti-starling device invented by Professors Frings and Jumber of Pennsylvania State University indicate that it is a great success. The professors caught some starlings, held them by the legs and wings and made a tape-recording of the resulting squawks. They then played back the recording, using a loudspeaker to magnify the sounds, under trees in which huge flocks of starlings were accustomed to roost. The birds stood the noise for two nights and then took out; they haven't been back. The idea has been picked up by several starling-haunted communities, with the same good results, according to reports.

The method obviously has its limitations. The birds are not decimated but merely persuaded to change roosts. What happens when every community is filling the night with the canned cries of outraged starlings? Where then will the birds go? Will they all gather in one place, an angry, screaming horde, to plot the final battle of nerves against their human enemies? Having lived for many years in a place infested with starlings, we are not inclined to underestimate the ingenuity and ruggedness of the pests. It's our guess that they will not be content to be displaced birds for very long, but will sooner or later squawk the equivalent of "Nyah, the hell with it", and settle right back in their old roosts.

Montreal Views Masterpieces By Goya

The Violence of Man Portrayed in Etchings

"BARBARIANS!": THE EXECUTION OF A SPANISH MONK.

Francisco Goya Y Lucientes (1746-1828) is one of the towering figures of Spanish history, and his art is comparable to that of his fellow countryman, the novelist Cervantes. The Andres Laszlo collection of Goya etchings on view at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts includes eighty of his prints of "The Disasters of War". These are the most vivid records of war in the history of art. Goya hated Napoleon with the most violent passion the world of art has known. During the French invasion of his country, Goya, then 62, went into the streets of Madrid at night with sketch pad and lantern to view the massacres made by day. No reformer, the artist hated cruelty, fraud and hypocrisy. He was, first of all, an individualist and his stubborn independence often reaped a harvest of troubles.

"THEY WILL NOT": AN INCIDENT OF RESISTANCE.

Goya's experience of life was wide and deep. He was a man of action, with a lust to know all phases of society. He did not create his best art until he was past forty, but his wild and untrammelled youth provided him with a wealth of vivid experiences and knowledge of humanity. Francisco Goya was born of peasant stock near Saragossa. After being forced to leave his native region, he went to Madrid, where he was soon declared a rebel by the authorities and he went into exile as a bullfighter, under an assumed name. To study art, Goya then went to Rome, where he alternated serious study with stormy dissipation. When he abducted a nun, he was condemned to death and only the intervention of a friendly diplomat saved his life. The Italians hurriedly sent the artist back to his own country.

REFUGEES FROM INVASION HUDDLE TOGETHER FOR COMFORT.

Upon his return to Spain, Goya was appointed court painter to Charles the Fourth. For this weak king and his entourage, he painted hundreds of portraits. These mark him as one of the greatest portrait painters of all time and also one of the luckiest. His patrons must have had either a rare attachment to truth or a large tolerance, for Goya mocked the Bourbons in his stark portrayal of their physical and moral degeneration. This was the great period of Goya's career. He painted the canvases on which his fame now rests, and his personal life was notorious. His favorite mistress, the Duchess of Alba, went into exile for him and he made her name immortal through his costume pieces of her and the famous "La Maja Desnuda", the finest nude in Spanish art.

"ONE CANNOT LOOK AT THEM": A SCENE OF MASSACRE.

Goya became deaf in 1792 and retreated increasingly within himself. He began that series of more than 200 etchings which establish him as one of the greatest of printmakers. In the 80 "Caprices" done during the following six years he vented his spleen against the mores of the times and the personalities of his contemporaries, whom he depicted in a fantastic world of leering vampires, witches and demons with padlocked ears. After the French invasion, he drew the stark "Disasters of War". In them, cadavers are piled on carts, corpses impaled on sharpened tree trunks, their screams muted by the garrotter's skill. He became a misanthrope who now depicted the Duchess of Alba as "a vision of deceit and inconstancy". Deaf and half-blind, he continued to paint until his death at 82.

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PART II: By HUGH GARNER

NOWADAYS, with so much talk about the high cost of living, people are apt to forget that there is something even higher: the high cost of dying. It has been definitely proved (and we will quote figures farther on) that the cost of funerals and burials is out of all proportion to what it should be. It has also been proved that in many cases there exists a strong working agreement between undertakers, cemetery officials and monument dealers to milk as much as they can from family savings, insurance policies and widows' mites.

The Association of Better Business Bureaus published a booklet some time ago titled "Facts Every Family Should Know About Funerals and Interments". In it the Association says: "There are some renegade funeral directors who ferret out information about the amount of insurance carried by the deceased, or the other assets of a family, and then inflate the funeral bill in order to get as much as possible," and in discussing undertakers' advertising: "Claims such as 'Complete funerals as low as $150' are meaningless without specification of what the advertiser means by 'a complete funeral'. The weasel words, 'as low as' may represent no more than an effort to escape prosecution for false advertising."

In the United States things got so bad that several large trade unions conducted their own surveys into funeral and burial costs. Following the terrible coal mine disaster at Centralia, Ill., which took the lives of 111 men a few years ago, the United States Coal Mines Administration investigated the funeral charges that were levied on the widows and orphans of the men who died in the mine explosion. They found that the funeral charges ranged from $233 to $1,178.50, the average being $732.78. The United Mine Workers took the itemized bills to W. W. Chambers, one of Washington, DC's leading undertakers, and a refreshingly outspoken one, who analyzed the charges and said that instead of $732.78, the fair average should have been between $350 and $400.

The same Mr. Chambers, while testifying before a U.S. Senate Committee one time, said: "I admit that on a $225 funeral I make $95 profit. Why, some of these undertakers charge a family $90 to bury a poor little baby in a casket that only costs $4.50. The first thing an undertaker asks is, 'How much insurance have you got, and how much of it can I get?' A $30 casket is generally sold today for $150."

Chambers went on to say that he had only an eighth grade education and was working in a livery stable until he saw how much money was to be made in the undertaking business. Since then he had become the biggest undertaker in Washington, one of the biggest in the world and a millionaire many times over. In answer to a senator's question he said: "Let me tell you something, sir: when you can embalm a body for $1.50, and you can get any tariff that you want for it, and you can take a $35 casket and get $150 and $200, it is mighty inviting, it is mighty inviting . . . Embalming costs only about 50 cents for labor, and not more than a dollar or two for labor and time. A big elephant could be embalmed for $1.50."

Embalming charges were put on the Centralia bills at $6 to $35.

In the 1920s the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. made a study of funeral costs. It found that in Brooklyn, NY, funeral costs absorbed 62 per cent of the value of estates under $1,000, and about a quarter of the estates under $5,000. A study of 7,871 funerals showed that the average amount of insurance carried in those days was $308, and the average amount paid for funerals was $363. In 11 out of 18 states studied, the insurance failed to pay the full cost of the funeral. The Metropolitan also found that the undertakers charge anything the traffic will bear for caskets, that burial vaults are useless, and that the cedar and cloth casket is just as good as the metallic one.

The United Automobile Workers published a pamphlet in Detroit titled, "Must the Undertaker Cheat Your Family Out of Your Insurance?" The UAW checked a random sampling of funeral bills for Ford pensioners and Kaiser-Frazer workers in Detroit, who died during July and August, 1950. The average cash insurance payment at the time of death was $1,870, and the average funeral bill was $1,080. The cheapest funeral cost a family that had no insurance $770. Families that got cash insurance payments of $1,000 paid $1,010 on the average for funeral charges. Families with between $1,000 and $2,000 in insurance payments paid an average of $1,093 for funerals. The average cost for a family with more than $2,000 in paid-up insurance was $1,177. For these prices they got a cemetery lot, a tombstone and the services of a minister. The UAW came to the conclusion that, "Though death is fatal for a man, it bankrupts his family," and that at the time of death "a family gets a financial embalming". They also discovered that the "advertising undertaker" who depends for his profits on volume is cheaper than the non-advertising one. Their average price was $600.

Because of such findings, the United Automobile Workers has organized a Union Co-op Burial Service.

BUT let us return to the subject of cemeteries. One of the largest old-line cemetery companies in Canada is the Toronto General Burying Grounds, a "non-profit" company set up by an Ontario Provincial Act in 1826. It has no share capital, no stock, and pays no dividends.

Fednews

MONUMENTS are one of the biggest costs in the average funeral.

This company operates Toronto Necropolis, Mount Pleasant, Prospect, Mount Pleasant Mausoleum, Pine Hills and York cemeteries, and Toronto Crematorium. This total area is 651 acres, with a further 80 acres awaiting development. The receipts of this company are distributed as follows: 50 per cent for perpetual care, 25 per cent into an expansion fund, and 25 per cent for salaries, expenses and care and maintenance. The perpetual care fund is not placed in a trust company, but is deposited, for safe-keeping, in a Toronto bank. The fund is administered by the board of trustees. The company does not publish an annual statement, but gives one copy of its statement to the Ontario Minister of Health.

For 35 or 40 years, 25 per cent of the receipts was placed in the perpetual care fund, but in 1948 the ante was raised to 50 per cent. This was the year that the lawn-type cemetery organization came into Canada.

F. D. Clarke, consultant with the Toronto Burying Grounds says, "We are against the Memorial Gardens people because of their selling methods. We believe that burials are a religious rite, and that graves or plots should not be sold on a commercial basis or made a thing of speculation. We have sections of our cemeteries graded and ready at all times. We supply a service to the public. We don't want to sell pre-need."

Despite Mr. Clarke's last statement, the Toronto Burying Grounds advertise often in the Toronto press. I have before me a newspaper advertisement from the *Toronto Globe and Mail* of Feb. 20, 1954, listing 3 ft. by 9 ft. grave spaces for immediate use only at $40 for Prospect Cemetery, Pine Hills Cemetery and York Cemetery, and 3 ft. 3 in. by 10 ft. grave spaces in advance of need, with the right to make two interments in each grave, at $65 and up for Prospect, Pine Hills and York Cemeteries, and from $98 up at Mount Pleasant.

Prices in their cemeteries last year ran from $40 to $135, with the average running at $96 per grave. For opening and closing their graves, the price varies between $32 and $55. For $32 you get "plain work" and for $55 you get artificial grass, tent, and other services. Incidentally, the prices for digging and filling graves in Ontario are under the approval of the Provincial Department of Health.

The Toronto General Burying Grounds get 1,000 to 1,200 graves to the acre in their cemeteries. Besides the tombstone sections there are others set aside in which no upright stones are allowed. The company receives no grants from governments or municipalities, and maintenance is met by lot sales and the interest from the perpetual care fund. They also pay no provincial, federal or municipal taxes, except on farmland they have bought to be used in the future for burial grounds.

When asked about monuments or markers, Mr. Clarke said that less than half the people buried in tombstone cemeteries use markers of any sort. Of those who do, 2 out of 3 use stones that are 12 in. by 20 in., while those who purchase the larger graves (3 ft. 3 in. by 10 ft.) invariably

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use stones that are 18 in. by 24 in., or larger. The interment fee includes the opening and the closing of the grave, the use of a lowering device, grave linings, earth cover, trestle for shell lid, and "other necessary services".

Although the officials of tombstone cemeteries generally soft-pedal references to monuments and markers, these are one of the biggest costs in the average funeral. In a 27-page booklet concerning the business of the Toronto Burying Grounds, six pages are given over to rules and regulations about markers and monuments. This seems to be one of the most important things about burials, and the regulations are stacked in favor of the monument companies, whether there is a connection between cemetery management and monument dealers or not.

In the first place, no monument shall be less than 8 inches in thickness. Rough, unfinished rock bases will not be accepted. All markers, monuments, mausoleums or tombs shall be constructed of granite or marble. (You can build skyscrapers out of concrete or limestone in Toronto, but not a grave monument!) Cheaper stones, made from other stones or materials are not allowed. There is nothing in the Ontario Cemeteries Act requiring granite or marble, but many tombstone cemeteries today require them to be used. Mr. Clarke, consultant with the Toronto Burying Grounds, says this is specified "because we want our monuments and markers to be constructed of natural materials instead of artificial".

In Ontario, the average tombstone salesman operates on 15 per cent commission, with a commission of 20 to 25 per cent on markers, and 20 per cent on all subsequent inscriptions added to a gravestone. The markers (small flat stones set in the ground) are gravy to the monument dealers, and are often pieces cut from larger monuments when they are being made. Many of these, which sell at $40 and more, are not even carried on the monument dealers' books, so that the tax office *and* the bereaved family both take a licking.

The method of pricing used by monument dealers is complicated but profitable. The stones used for display in the monument dealer's window are usually glazed on five sides; when a customer buys a stone he pays for this glazing. The average stone is 2½ feet in length, and after a small-town dealer buys a stone from the city manufacturer, he tacks on 40 per cent for "service". The average price of a stone is $600. The National Association of Cemeteries has estimated that there are $200,000 worth of stones per acre in most tombstone cemeteries.

In one small town in Ontario, the following prices for lettering usually prevail: $2.50 for a 2-inch letter, 60 to 80c for smaller letters, and $4.50 a letter for script. The average inscription costs $25 (and takes up to 45 minutes to do, with an air drill). It is up to the individual salesman to get the price as near to that as possible. A large stone for a family plot costs $700 to $800, with one inscription.

The tombstone salesman tries to belong to the same clubs and organizations as the undertaker. When an undertaker tips off the monument salesman about the amount of insurance carried by the dead person, the salesman goes out and sells the family a stone, splitting the fee with the undertaker. Some salesmen have a reciprocal agreement with an insurance man, and they all try to have one also with cemetery caretakers, who for five or ten dollars, inform them of burials from out of town.

The salesman I talked to used to call on families six weeks after a death had occurred, but by this time the family had got over its initial grief, and his competitors had often beaten him. Before he quit the racket he was calling on a bereaved family the day after death had occurred, getting his information from an insurance man, undertaker or from a daily reading of the obituary columns of the newspapers. As soon as he heard or read of a death he sent a sympathy card to the family, and at times even attended the funeral. Then after making his sales pitch, he took his customers to a cemetery, where they could pick out the type of stone they wanted.

He said at the conclusion of my talk with him, "Sometimes I am afraid the dead will come back to haunt me. I made a lot of money, but it was like robbing the dead."

Another racket peculiar to cemeteries is one practised by small groups of "winos" or indigent alcoholics, who go to a cemetery and "polish" the stone or the corner markers, then try to collect a fee from the owners of the cemetery lot. This racket is quite well organized in some neighborhoods, and there is a going price for the "service" of $7 for cleaning four corner markers, each consisting of 2 square inches of stone.

THE newspapers had a field day with the cemetery question, but none of them checked both sides of the story. For instance, the *Globe and Mail* in its issue of April 14, 1953, quoted Douglas King, vice-president of the Canadian Association of Memorial Craftsmen, as telling the Select Committee that a commercial cemetery (he was referring to Glendale Memorial Gardens) in Etobicoke Township had grossed more than $1 million up to that time, and that he estimated the cemetery would bring in another $7 million to its promoters before it was sold out. William J. Stewart, formerly the proprietor of a large undertaking establishment in Toronto, said in the Toronto *Star* of March 4, 1953, that his objection to the lawn-type cemetery interests was that they were indulging in "house-to-house high pressure salesmanship".

The *Toronto Globe*, on Nov. 30, 1938 (long before Memorial Gardens was even formed in the United States, let alone in Canada) said: "High-pressure salesmanship is allegedly used in the disposal of cemetery lots". They also reported a tie-in between undertakers and the medical profession. By 1950 they had forgotten about the alleged tie-in between the doctors and the undertakers, and were content merely to mention, in the *Globe and Mail* of Jan. 12, that Thomas I. Rankin, of Buffalo, N.Y., the vice-president of the American Monument Association had said, "Canada is the happy hunting ground for fraudulent cemetery operators"—a clear case of the kettle calling the pot black, and by an American monument maker at that.

In the issue of March 11, 1953, the *Toronto Star* quoted Dr. Mackinnon Phillips, the Ontario Minister of Health, as saying that investigators found nothing fraudulent in the new cemetery companies. Yet the *Star* on March 30, 1953, quoted Premier Frost of Ontario as announcing the establishment of a Select Committee of the Legislature to investigate the selling of cemetery plots.

Dr. Phillips told the original committee that he was checking all aspects of the present legislation to see if there was a possibility of curbing the sale of plots while the committee was making its study. And the *Globe and Mail* for April 14, 1953, quoted him as saying, "Surely people will stop buying now that they know a committee is investigating the situation".

The CCF Party, always ready to jump in without knowing where to jump, announced at its 19th annual Ontario provincial convention last year that it was asking the Ontario Government to protect Ontario citizens from "these free enterprise sharks" (the cemetery-lot salesmen) by limiting the cost of plots and by requiring that up to 50 per cent of the sales price be set aside for perpetual care.

The *Hamilton Spectator* of Jan. 13, 1954, reported the meeting in Toronto of the Canadian Association of Memorial Craftsmen, "a profession that did $4,200,000 worth of annual business according to the latest available figures . . . The 43-year-old association, with a membership of 180 including quarriers, wholesalers and suppliers, is currently engaged in a campaign against no-monument cemeteries, particularly in Ontario . . . 'We maintain that activities of no-monument cemeteries should be stopped and we maintain that the public wants to commemorate the dead by suitably marked graves,' said Keith Campbell, of Galt, Ont., association president."

The Select Committee on the Ontario Cemetery Act tabled its report on March 2 of this year. If current legislation is changed to protect the public from all unscrupulous cemetery owners, protection should also be afforded the public, under other acts, against equally unscrupulous undertakers and monument manufacturers, who take the biggest slices of the burial pie.

An article in *Collier's* magazine for May 19, 1951, said: "All across the nation there is a rising revulsion against members of the funeral industry guilty of profiteering in sorrow. To bury our dead we spend each year much more than we do on hospital care." The Association of Better Business Bureaus says in their booklet: "A recent survey has disclosed the existence of a noticeable degree of public suspicion and criticism of funeral directors and allied groups". And no wonder!

The burial business is the sweetest racket this side of heaven.

Letter from Montreal

Cherished Dream of a Hick Town

By Hugh MacLennan

Officially, the first old-fashioned winter Montreal has enjoyed since the war is over. Day after day since New Year's it had been clear and fresh. Light snows kept falling just frequently enough to cover up the shame of the smoke stains on the old snow. Instead of looking like an old buffalo with the mange, Mount Royal shone like a huge polar bear in the winter sun. Now it is over and the dubious time called spring is here again. And with it an old subject, the need of a modern concert hall, has returned to the headlines.

Whenever a visiting fireman lets go with a flow of condemnation for our lack of a modern concert hall or theatre, we read about our shame in the column of the reporter he talked to. We hang our heads and tell each other there is nothing to be done about it in a city of two languages.

We have plenty of movie houses and night clubs, we have the park where the Royals cavort in summer and the Alouettes in the fall, we have the Blue Bonnets for the horse-players and a still-too-small arena where those who can afford a season ticket can watch the Rocket. But for live theatre there is only Her Majesty's, uncomfortable, antique, its gallery supported by pillars which block the view of at least a hundred ticket holders in the orchestra, its air stuffy and its decor redolent of the 1890s. Our concerts are heard in the forbidding atmosphere of school assembly halls or from the misery of folding chairs on the dance floors of the YWCA or a downtown hotel.

For years it has been recognized here that the only cure for the situation is to build a genuine civic centre. Only a megalopolis like London, Paris or New York, visited annually by millions from abroad and the provinces, can hope to maintain a variety of concert halls and theatres on a pure profit basis. Even in New York the Metropolitan Opera House and Carnegie Hall could not function if they depended solely on the money that is taken in at the box office. Almost everywhere in modern society —and in ancient society, too—music and drama have had to be subsidized, and civilized communities have invariably considered it necessary to do so. *"Le superflu,"* said Voltaire, *"chose très nécessaire!"* Small American cities like Little Rock, Fort Worth and Topeka have had civic centres for years. Canadian cities like Toronto and Winnipeg have either centres or subsidized concert halls, with the result that both Winnipeg and Toronto have produced ballet companies and Toronto sends a continual stream of talented singers and actors onto the stages of the world. But Montreal, so far as art and music is concerned, remains a hick town.

Why Montreal has lingered in this shameful condition is a fascinating study for people interested in the *mores* of human communities.

First, there was the ingrained conviction among the English-speaking businessmen that art is a luxury and that it is wrong, if not actually sinful, to subsidize anything except hospitals and universities. There was also a peculiar brand of local snobbery. If one belonged in the right circles, one naturally made the annual visit to New York to replenish one's wardrobe and see the plays. "After all, my dear, one doesn't *expect* to see anything first class at home!"

On the other side of the city was the traditional French attitude of *je m'en fiche,* the shoulder-shrug and the conviction that as the English have the largest bank balances, it is up to them to take the responsibility.

CPR

DOMINION SQUARE: The one place.

And of course there was politics. Politically, a civic centre looked to the politicians an extremely warm potato. They could see nothing in such a venture for themselves; they could smell all sorts of trouble if such a project were built. How, for instance, would the majority of voters (who don't like Beethoven particularly) react if any of *their* money were spent to make Beethoven available to the few? Who would control such a centre, the English or the French?

Even religion entered the scale against a civic centre. Though it was never mentioned publicly, one constantly heard the murmur, "What does the Church think about it?"

It would be pathetic, were it not so humiliating, to recall some of the arguments that have been advanced over the years for a civic centre in Montreal. One committee suggested it might serve as a war memorial. Another appealed to the politicians with the suggestion that it would be a convenient relief project in time of depression. Still another tried to woo big business with the true assertion that at present the city lacks a hall ample enough to house a representative convention of shoe manufacturers or building contractors.

None of these arguments had any effect. The city was apathetic about a war memorial. The workers never had it so good and the politicians were not on the look-out for a relief project. Big business was doing all right too, with or without a hall large enough to attract a huge convention.

Meanwhile — the profit motive again — various interests with land for sale kept offering sites at none too reasonable prices. All of them were examined by the civic authorities and condemned. If they were on the periphery of the city, they were too far away. If they were central, there would be no room for parking.

But this spring when the subject reached the headlines again, there was a new note in the press comments, and it sounded rather like a note of hope. It was based on the report of a committee of the Young Men's Section of the Montreal Board of Trade which was at once intelligent, practical and ambitious. By plan or by chance it coincided with a statement by Premier Duplessis that a modern concert hall has become a vital necessity for Quebec's principal city.

The young men of the Board of Trade have learned from the misfortunes of their predecessors. Their plan is not for a civic centre; it is for a concert hall only, one that will be modern and comfortable and will seat a minimum of three thousand persons. Later, if prejudices and fears subside, this concert hall may serve as the nucleus for a congeries of establishments which together will provide a true civic centre.

Instead of looking around for playgrounds and abandoned premises on the outskirts, the committee has gone to the heart of the matter by sticking its pinpoint in the heart of the city itself. There is only one place in all of Montreal where a concert hall or a civic centre should stand, and that is Dominion Square. This new committee has discovered the ideal place, the area south of Dominion Square bounded by Osborne, Windsor, St. Antoine and Cathedral Streets.

The proposed cost will lie somewhere between three and four million dollars and the parking problem will be met when and if the city completes its present plan of constructing an underground parking lot beneath Dominion Square itself.

Quebec's officialdom could still win a world's championship in a forgetting contest, but this spring the latest fancy of the young men of our Board of Trade has presented a project so specific, practical and urgent that the community's imagination has been really fired by it. This time it will be a little harder for our politicians to forget. As we dig down to pay Quebec its extra income tax, some of us have the feeling that part of our money may be returned to us in the fulfillment of an old, cherished dream.

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4-3

THE Salvation Army

RED SHIELD APPEAL

Foreign Affairs

And Now Geneva

By Willson Woodside

MR. DULLES'S ATTEMPT to save Indo-China at the last minute of the last hour has certainly stirred up a fine uproar. It is, in a way, as astonishing a reversal of policy as President Truman's overnight decision to save Korea. For, just as the then Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, had lately drawn a line of U.S. defence in the Pacific which seemingly abandoned Korea, so in this case President Eisenhower had declared with all possible vehemence only two months ago that "no one could be more bitterly opposed to getting the United States involved in a hot war in that area (Indo-China)" than he was.

It was, of course, Dien Bien Phu that was responsible for the sudden initiative that has so jarred the chancelleries of Europe and Asia. The heroic defence of this outpost rapidly built up within a few weeks to the decisive battle of the Indo-China War. Defeat would dishearten the French and Vietnam forces and start a new bandwagon movement among the population towards the rebel cause of Ho Chi Minh. It would send the French politicians to Geneva intent on getting the war ended at almost any cost, knowing that they had most of the nation behind them for once. Victory at Dien Bien Phu, on the other hand, could conceivably turn the tide in Indo-China, check the defeatist movement in France, save all South-East Asia and perhaps the European Army project as well.

It was a moment for greatness, and Eisenhower and Dulles rose to the occasion. There can be no doubt that they have heartened the defenders of Dien Bien Phu. (Let the reader consider for a moment the importance of old-fashioned courage and tenacity in an old-fashioned battle, in the midst of the Hydrogen Bomb Age. Not everything has changed because of this horrific invention; if anything, the old qualities are more important than ever before. How much may be achieved by courage at Dien Bien Phu; how little is to be achieved by yielding to fear or fatalism.)

There are also indications of a possible turn of the political tide in Indo-China, which might result in mobilizing the great majority of the people to hold their country against the Communists. Several political groups that had been critical of the Chief of State, Bao Dai, and opposed to the policy of the present government of Prince Buu Loc, have joined in a declaration of support for Bao Dai in his new mission to France to secure full independence for Indo-China. And three separate armies, maintained by the Caodist and Hoa Hao religious groups and the Binh Xuyen, a political-military group, have

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announced their incorporation into the Vietnamese national army.

This has been the effect on the spot. For the rest, the Eisenhower-Dulles call for united action in Indo-China has forced the American people and their allies to face right up to the question of whether they are prepared to see South-East Asia—Indo-China, Thailand, Burma, Malaya and Indonesia—lost to the free world, with all the political, economic and strategic consequences which could ensue. And it has forced the French to face up to the internationalization of the Indo-China conflict, something they have always opposed, and the cession of full independence to that country, the only thing which can give the local nationalists a stronger cause than that of Ho Chi Minh.

No doubt, therefore, the new U.S. intervention must be reckoned as a bold stroke and one which took a great deal of political courage, in an election year. But it was not diplomacy. The Western powers, which must stand together for their salvation, are engaged in another public argument. It is all too sudden, and people, not only in Britain and France, but in the U.S. and Canada and in free Asia too, don't know what Mr. Dulles means by "united action", how far he is prepared to go, or how dangerous that might be. All those who make a profession out of denouncing the Americans as "hysterical", "tough" or "uncompromising", are having a field day again, in a world still shaking from the latest H-Bomb explosion.

The British, who can never give up believing that other people are just as ready as they are to sit down at a conference and be reasonable, think that Mr. Dulles is spoiling the prospects of Geneva, and that such a proposal for united action should only be considered if Geneva fails. Actually, experience ought to have shown us that you can only make a satisfactory deal with the Soviets if you have something to trade, and have built up your position in advance.

The French view, in this case, is that the U.S. is intent on preventing the Geneva Conference from achieving any compromise with Communist China. This is true to a degree: the American authorities believe that the kind of compromise which the French might agree to in their present mood could only result in the early loss of all Indo-China to the Communists. The French have been talking of a partition of the country at the 16th Parallel, as Korea was partitioned at the 38th Parallel, though the situation in the two countries is utterly different. Much the strongest French-Vietnam military position is at present well north of the 16th Parallel, while the Communists hold many areas to the south of that mark. Nor is there a "South Indo-China" solidly united like South Korea.

The French have also been talking of winning the Chinese Communists to a truce in Indo-China by yielding them concessions in the north of that country (long known as Tonkin China), similar to those made to Chiang Kai-shek by the Allies at the end of the war. That is, Communist China would be granted a free port at Haiphong and control of the railway up to Yunnan, built as an outlet to the world for that large area of China whose commerce presently has to pass down through the gorges of the Yangtse. The resemblance of this arrangement to that which gave Soviet Russia control of Manchuria after 1945 is not encouraging.

There is no denying that the French and the British, and the other nations concerned, have a case in their objections to the latest American move. It is not so very long ago since the mood of the American people seemed to the Republican leaders to demand a truce in Korea, and they went ahead and negotiated one. Now, the mood of the French people is one of utter weariness of a war that has been going on, not for three years but for eight years, but the U.S. would like to see them fight on.

Then all those who have been called upon to join in the "united action" —and Canada has "included itself out" of this list of ten nations—want to know just what action this might be. The U.S. administration and Congress are believed to be still very strongly opposed to sending American ground forces into the Indo-China fight, although there is talk now in Washington of using the navy and air force, and two aircraft-carriers are reported to be standing off the north Indo-China coast. Supposing U.S. naval and air forces are used and prove insufficient to check the Communist ground forces: would that bring into play the ominous policy of atomic retaliation of which there has been so much inconclusive talk these past few months? That worries a lot of people.

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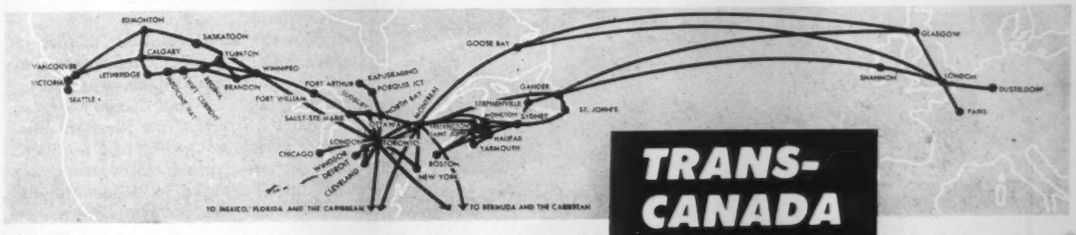

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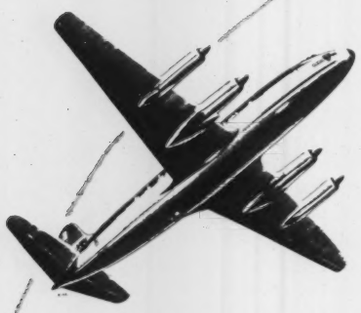

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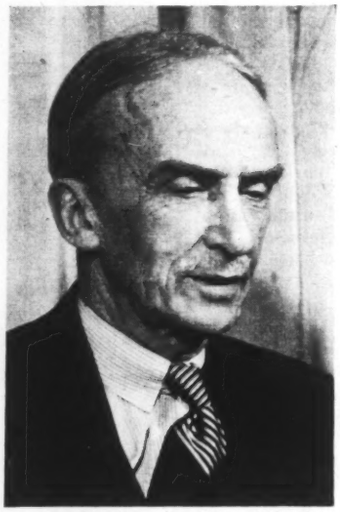
Ottawa Letter

The Budget and the Tax Battle

By John A. Stevenson

IF HIS performance of April 6 is, as he has repeatedly avowed, to be Mr. Abbott's budgetary swansong, the finale of his career as a financial vocalist was a rather humdrum aria. It revealed him as a more accurate forecaster of his surplus than in some previous years, as an indifferent watchdog of the public purse against excessive expenditures, and as such a confirmed optimist about Canada's economic fortunes in 1954 that he has framed his new Budget on the blithe assumption that the present recession will soon be checked and that an upturn in business in the second half of the year will produce by March 31, 1955, $100 million more revenue than the yield for 1953-54.

His application of nearly all the margin which he believes will be available for the abatement of taxation to the cancellation or reduction of special excise duties on commodities chiefly of the luxury class, follows an example set by the Eisenhower administration; the calculation behind it is that resulting cuts in prices will stimulate the public to buy the cheapened articles and that there will be a clearance of the heavy accumulation of stocks which has dammed back the flow of orders to manufacturers of certain goods. But as J. M. Macdonnell (PC, Toronto Greenwood) pointed out in his opening criticism, there is no real relief from the burden of taxation, which is a serious factor in the high price level now proving a great handicap to our export trade; the non-defence expenditures are $180 million more than a year ago, and no real concern is shown in the budget for the now substantial army of unemployed.



Capital Press

J. M. MACDONNELL: No relief.

Not the least important feature of Mr. Abbott's speech, on account of its political implications, was its announcement of the decision of the Cabinet to reject the demand that more people in Quebec who are liable to the new provincial income tax should be allowed to deduct the full amount of their payments from their Federal tax instead of having the deduction restricted, as at present, to 5 per cent of the Federal levy.

In an interesting and lucid review of the financial relations between the Federal Government and the provinces, Mr. Abbott made mincemeat of the claim advanced in the preamble of the Quebec statute imposing the new provincial levy that "the Canadian constitution concedes to provinces priority in the field of direct taxation". He declared that there was no foundation either in fact or law for such a statement, that the Federal taxing power is unfettered and that the provinces are restricted to direct taxation inside their own bounds for provincial purposes. He also argued with convincing force that acceptance of the principle that a provincial tax should generally be offset against a similar Federal tax would strike at the root of the system of Federal-provincial tax agreements which had been designed to make possible fiscal and other national policies planned for the maintenance of high levels of employment and production.

He left the door open for a settlement, however, by intimating that there would always be a light in the window at Ottawa to welcome Premier Duplessis to a full and frank discussion of mutual problems, if he still wished to follow up his frequently expressed desire for co-operation and collaboration.

At a caucus of the Liberal members of both Houses, held just before the presentation of the Budget, Prime Minister St. Laurent secured their unanimous endorsation of the decision of the Cabinet and none of his followers from Quebec made any protest against it. But the latter made no secret of their nervousness about the response of Premier Duplessis, and are fearful that he will seize the opportunity now offered to challenge the policy of the Federal Government by an immediate appeal to the electors for a vote of confidence in himself and his policies.

On the surface, the Liberals of Quebec would appear to have a powerful case against Mr. Duplessis. They can argue that, if he had shown a reasonably co-operative attitude and not chosen to fan the traditional jealousy of the French-Canadians about their special rights and culture, he could have secured an arrangement with Ottawa, which not only would have obviated the need for a provincial income tax but would have en-

abled Quebec to draw an annual grant of about $120 million from the Federal Treasury. But the Liberals are painfully aware that in the provincial arena they have no leader who could cope effectively with such a master of the political arts as Mr. Duplessis.

They feel that if Mr. Duplessis calls a provincial election, only the personal intervention of Prime Minister St. Laurent in it could offer a hope of defeating him, and even that could give no assurance of a Liberal victory. Apparently Mr. Duplessis has succeeded in persuading an enormous body of French-Canadian voters in Quebec that their special provincial rights and their separate racial culture will be in grave peril until they set their faces firmly against any encroachments of the Federal authority. It is only taxpayers in the higher income brackets in Quebec who are entitled to feel any grievance about the extra burden, as the great mass of the farmers and urban workers of the province escape it. But it is among these latter elements that Mr. Duplessis has aroused racial emotion.

The Hon. Jean Lesage, the youngest of the French-Canadian Ministers at Ottawa, has made a wise and timely speech in which he warned his racial compatriots to take a broad view of their partnership in the Canadian nation and not to support a policy of parochial sectionalism which might react adversely upon the fortunes of French-Canadians living in other provinces than Quebec. But his exhortations may well have fallen on deaf ears and Liberal members from Quebec have been dismayed to find that many of their former supporters are now rallying to the banner of Mr. Duplessis.

Another ominous symptom of the solidarity of provincial sentiment in favor of Mr. Duplessis is that *Le Devoir* of Montreal, which has been his bitter critic, is now supporting his stand.

The personal intervention of Mr. St. Laurent in a provincial election in Quebec could only be justified by success and, if it failed, the consequences for the Liberal party would be grave. In the last two Federal elections Mr. Duplessis has sorely disappointed Mr. Drew by adopting officially a role of neutrality and only giving surreptitious help to the Conservative candidates. But if he won another decisive mandate and contrived to discredit Mr. St. Laurent and his party as would-be barterers of the racial heritage of Quebec for a financial mess of pottage, Mr. Duplessis would almost certainly proceed to run in the next Federal election a full slate of Union Nationale candidates, who would wrest many seats from the Liberals.

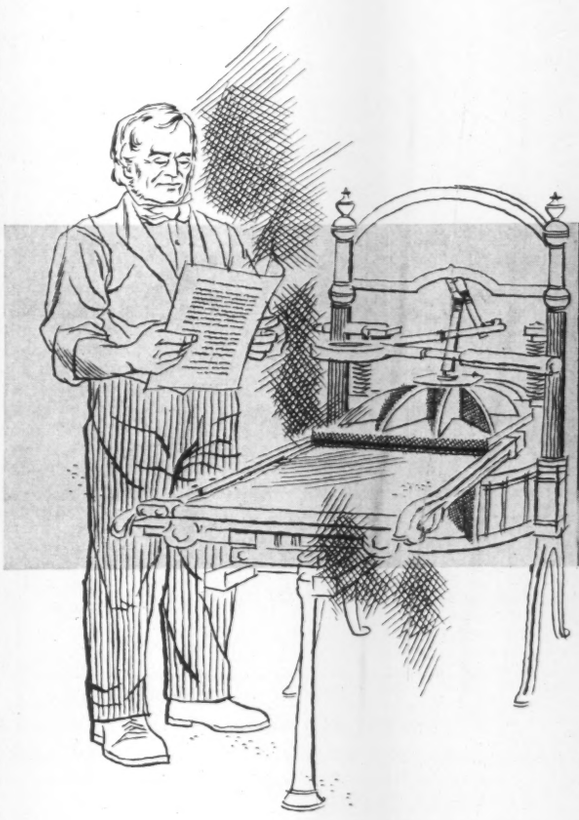
Meanwhile, the wiser heads among the Progressive Conservatives at Ottawa are just as worried as the Liberals about the moves of Mr. Duplessis. It was against their advice that, under the pressure of the delegation from Quebec, their party's national association at its recent annual meeting endorsed the stand of Mr. Duplessis, which has long had the blessing of Mr. Drew. If Mr. St. Laurent, fighting as the champion of the Federal authority and as a preserver of the foundations of Confederation against crusaders for a provincial sectionalism with a separatist flavor, were defeated, he would command the sympathy of many Conservatives, who would feel that it was a prime business of their party to conserve the threatened foundations and not hasten their wreckage. The espousal of the cause of Mr. Duplessis is at the best a desperate gamble. It might eventually win for Mr. Drew dubious allies from Quebec but also cause him to mourn lost legions in the rest of Canada and reduce his party to complete impotence.

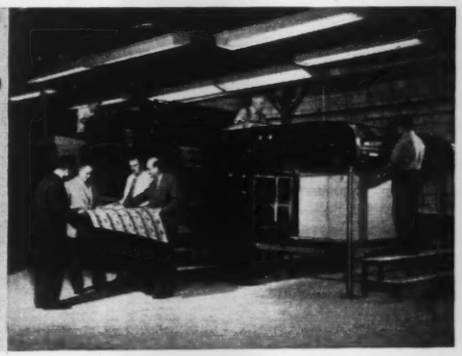
Mr. Pearson on April 7 had to parry awkward questions about disturbing developments in the international arena. He declared that he had so far received no official communication about the untimely proposal of Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary of State, for a five-power declaration about the situation in Indo-China and avowed that Canada had no commitments in the area apart from her obligations as a member of NATO. He also disclosed that the late Mackenzie King had been privy to the agreement concluded in 1943 at Quebec concerning the free exchange of information about atomic weapons and their use by mutual consent and had secured for Canada a place on the "combined policy committee" then established to deal with such matters; but despite this commitment, our Government had felt no need to protest that the United States took unilateral action to cancel the agreement.

THE PRINTED WORD . . . RECORDER OF ACHIEVEMENT—KEYSTONE OF PROGRESS

the press that printed the way to rebellion

The cast-iron "Washington" press on which William Lyon Mackenzie printed the "Colonial Advocate" was one of the earliest to be set up in York, the new capital of Upper Canada. Embodying an iron lever in place of the old-fashioned screw, it was advertised as "combining elegance in design with neatness and despatch in execution". It was damaged when the "young Tories" raided Mackenzie's shop and threw his types into the Bay. It was smashed again in the Rebellion of 1837, which it had helped to foment. But it survived the ordeal and "literally printed the way to political freedom" in Upper Canada.





A far cry from Mackenzie's press but carrying on the tradition of printing as a keystone of progress, is this modern press, recently installed in one of Canada's largest printing and lithographing organizations. The first 76-inch two-color Harris-Seybold Offset press in Canada, it is capable of handling five thousand 52 x 76-inch sheets of paper an hour.

MORE FINE CANADIAN PRINTING APPEARS ON PROVINCIAL PAPERS THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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The Story of the Mirror: Financial Conflict

PART III: By HUGH CUDLIPP

THE ROTHERMERE financial empire began to take shape when in 1922 the *Mirror* and *Pictorial* guaranteed £650,000 debentures of the Empire Paper Mills at Greenhithe, Kent, and nearly £15 million was subscribed in the few minutes the list was open.

In the twenties and thirties, newspaper finance became news, activities of Rothermere more often than not making the headlines. The industry was entering upon a period of ruthless conflict, with free gift schemes and big money prizes as the corrupting influence in an unedifying scramble for new readers. Yet, to the *Mirror*, there came comforting enrichment.

Just as Northcliffe was known to the public as a genius of journalism, so Rothermere's reputation grew as a financial colossus. His ambition was unbridled, but it was not until Northcliffe died in 1922 that his supreme moment came. He sensed, astutely, that the industry lay at his feet.

A manoeuvre to dominate *The Times* failed, but he took control of Associated Newspapers, formed the Daily Mail Trust from this foundation, and offered to the public £1,600,000 guaranteed debenture stock. The security was 400,000 deferred shares in Associated Newspapers, owning the *Daily Mail*, *Evening News* and *Sunday Dispatch*, and the principal and interest were guaranteed by the *Mirror* and *Pictorial*.

The unhappy role of the two "picture paper" companies in the Rothermere empire was now ordained. They generally shouldered two-thirds of the responsibility in any fresh development, for they held a seventy per cent interest in the Daily Mail Trust. They were Rothermere's financial ace of spades.

A newspaper must make a healthy profit to survive, flourish and expand, for without financial well-being neither its readers nor its shareholders can be served. But the function of the *Mirror* as a newspaper, and its service to its public, were now thrust low on the list of priorities.

Rothermere surveyed the battlefield, awaiting the first opportunity to pounce. It came with the death of Sir Edward Hulton.

The objective, which was gained in a remarkably short period, was simply to organize a series of financial swoops which would revolutionize Press control and achieve the maximum concentration of newspaper ownership ever seen in the world. His initial move became known when the Daily Mail Trust invited subscriptions for no less than £8 million, then swallowed the London and Manchester properties of Hulton in one mighty gulp. Such was public confidence in the Press as a field of investment that £40 million was offered in a few hours, nearly one pound per head of the country's population.

Was the deal as prudent as it was courageous? One outcome is certain: the integrity of the Press as an institution was degraded to the stature of an auditor's nightmare. What a jumble of political opinion and social outlook there was in that group. Many were in front-line rivalry for the public's custom:

The *Mirror* and the *Daily Sketch;*
The *Pictorial* and the *Sunday Herald, Sunday Chronicle, Empire News*, and *Weekly Dispatch;*
The *Daily Mail* and, in the north, the *Daily Dispatch*.

The tangle did not end there. For a 49 per cent interest was also held in the Beaverbrook properties, though Beaverbrook himself retained personal control.

There now entered into the scene two men from South Wales—the Berry brothers, the present Lord Camrose and Lord Kemsley, who were founding their own newspaper empire and were seeking expansion in Manchester. Three Richmonds in the field?

The ink on the Rothermere-Hulton deal was scarcely dry when the Berry

STELCO IN 1953

THE STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEETS

DECEMBER 31, 1953 AND 1952

STELCO THE MARK OF QUALITY

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS	1953	1952
Cash	$ 4,175,018	$ 3,938,058
Bonds of the Government of Canada and other marketable securities (market value December 31, 1953, $29,544,000; 1952, $16,932,000)	29,356,331	16,934,029
Due from employees on Government of Canada bond subscriptions (secured)	1,457,363	1,409,924
Accounts receivable, less allowance for doubtful accounts	21,038,498	21,438,309
Inventories, valued at the lower of cost or market, less reserve	40,954,174	39,024,543
	$ 96,981,384	$ 82,744,863
INVESTMENTS AND ADVANCES		
Investments in and advances to associated coal and ore mining companies, at cost	$ 7,562,854	$ 6,402,517
FIXED ASSETS		
Plants and properties, at cost	$195,743,938	$180,944,617
Less: Depreciation and depletion reserves	119,029,845	98,796,909
	$ 76,714,093	$ 82,147,708
PREPAID EXPENSES	$ 435,009	$ 321,089
	$181,693,340	$171,616,177

NOTE: It is estimated that $21,000,000 will be required to complete approved capital expenditures, including the company's share of the anticipated net requirements of Erie Mining Company.

Approved on behalf of the Board,
H. G. HILTON
LOUIS L. LANG } *Directors.*

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

We have examined the books and accounts of The Steel Company of Canada, Limited and its subsidiary companies for the year ended December 31, 1953. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards and accordingly included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in the circumstances.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required and, in our opinion, the accompanying consolidated balance sheet and the related statements of consolidated income and consolidated retained earnings are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the companies' affairs at December 31, 1953, and the results of their operations for the year then ended, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the companies.

RIDDELL, STEAD, GRAHAM & HUTCHISON,
Toronto, Ontario, March 5, 1954 Chartered Accountants.

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES	1953	1952
Bank Loan	$ 10,000,000	$ 10,000,000
Accounts payable and accrued	13,066,959	14,603,799
Provision for income and other taxes, less paid on account	10,534,075	6,524,931
Dividend and extra distribution payable February, following year	2,035,685	1,799,630
Serial notes payable	770,687	769,460
	$ 36,407,406	$ 33,697,820
FUNDED DEBT		
2¾% Sinking fund debentures due May 1, 1967	$ 17,890,000	$ 17,986,000
3⅛% Sinking fund debentures due May 1, 1967	14,225,000	14,450,000
Serial notes payable in annual instalments to 1956 (amounts payable following year included in Current Liabilities)	1,170,687	1,941,375
	$ 33,285,687	$ 34,377,375
PROVISION FOR RELINING AND REBUILDING FURNACES	$ 1,434,757	$ 3,366,039
RESERVE FOR CONTINGENCIES	$ 2,588,673	$ 2,588,673

CAPITAL STOCK

Authorized	Issued		1953	1952
1953				
5,133,328	3,701,850	Common shares—no par value	$ 18,395,750	$ —
1952				
2,000,000	1,299,260	7% Cumulative Preference Shares (participating)—par value $5	—	6,496,300
3,000,000	2,300,000	Ordinary shares—no par value	—	11,500,000
			$ 18,395,750	$ 17,996,300
RETAINED EARNINGS — in use in the business			$ 89,581,067	$ 79,589,970
			$181,693,340	$171,616,177

brothers bought from the Daily Mail Trust all the Manchester properties except the *Daily Sketch* and the *Sunday Herald*, whose chief printing offices were in London. In 1924 these two journals became the subject of another flotation, involving more debentures, more guarantees by the *Mirror*. Then, within a few years the *Sketch* and *Herald* joined the rest of the Hulton properties already within the Berry camp.

There was activity, too, with the structure of the *Mirror* company. It increased its capital to £2,200,000 and capitalized £350,000 of undivided profits, distributing as a free bonus one new share for every two held. This bonus was repeated a few months later.

Rothermere now felt that his stature as financier and his sovereignty as Press proprietor were secure, unchallengeable. But in 1928 came fresh excitement with a bold but ill-conceived plan which punctured his prestige. It was born of vanity. A casual remark goaded him into making the classic blunder of his career.

Rothermere was visiting America with his retinue, pondering new fields to conquer, seeking fresh outlets for the exercise of his financial prowess. And when he reached New York an acquaintance said to him: "They tell me that the Berry brothers are now the biggest newspaper owners in Britain".

This was too much for the imperious Rothermere. Incensed at the insult, he curtailed his journey and returned to London, brooding over his future plans, debating where next he would strike.

JOHN COWLEY: Mirror Chairman.

He looked around the provinces and examined its existing newspapers. They seemed to him to be unenterprising. Victorian, isolated economic units suffering from a lack of connection with a central organization. Why not initiate a new chain? What the provinces needed was a pack of modern newspapers filled with London features, London talent, London skill. All these vital ingredients, together with a news service of *Daily Mail* standard, would be centrally supplied on a network of Creed machines and private phone links; local flavour, in each newspaper, would be superimposed by its Editor and staff on the spot of publication.

Rothermere formed Northcliffe Newspapers Ltd., a £3 million company, and announced that "to the development of this great new enterprise all the ability and resources of the *Mail* and *Mirror* will be directed". His own financial skill, and the enchantment of his dead brother's name, inspired the public to rush in with £25 million, and within fifteen minutes the lists were closed.

It was at this stage that some members, not all, of the *Mirror* board experienced their first misgivings. The Berrys had steadfastly entrenched themselves in the provinces: so had two other, smaller groups. Why did Rothermere so bluntly declare open warfare? Why did he raise the money so publicly and reveal his hand to his adversaries? Here, surely, was a case for individual sporadic purchase, for the nurturing of local confidence rather than the imposition of metropolitan dictatorship.

The scramble began, the maddest and saddest episode in newspaper history.

Rothermere had prodigious resources behind him, but in some towns the Berrys succeeded in outbidding the new company for plant and publications already in existence. At the height of the contest

ROTHERMERE controlled four-

STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED INCOME

For the Years Ended December 31, 1953 and 1952

	1953	1952
NET SALES TO CUSTOMERS	$204,226,613	$190,214,161
INCOME FROM OPERATIONS after deducting provision for depreciation and depletion, and all expenses of manufacturing, selling and administration	$ 14,855,222	$ 13,879,864
Add Net income from securities and profit from sales	397,399	328,684
	$ 15,252,621	$ 14,208,548
Deduct Interest on funded debt	995,181	1,045,090
NET PROFIT FOR THE YEAR	$ 14,257,440	$ 13,163,458

The following amounts have been charged before determining the profit for the year:

	1953	1952
Provision for depreciation and depletion	$18,990,437	$17,548,731
Provision for income taxes	13,391,733	10,647,777
Contributions to Pension Trust Funds	1,700,688	1,500,000
Directors' fees	26,500	18,000
Remuneration of executive officers	327,633	331,900
Legal expenses	59,735	30,557

STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED RETAINED EARNINGS

For the Years Ended December 31, 1953 and 1952

	1953	1952
Balance at beginning of year	$ 79,589,970	$ 70,210,746
Add Net profit for the year	14,257,440	13,163,458
Difference between par value and cost of debentures retired	24,483	174,952
	$ 93,871,893	$ 83,549,156
Deduct Expenses—Plan of Arrangement	$ 78,448	$ —
Dividends declared during the year 1953—Preference and Ordinary shares at 40c per share	1,439,704	—
Common shares at 45c per share	1,662,300	—
Extra distribution of 30c per share on Common shares	1,110,374	—
1952—Preference and Ordinary shares at 80c per share	—	2,879,408
Extra distribution of 30c per share on Preference and Ordinary shares	—	1,079,778
	$ 4,290,826	$ 3,959,186
Balance at end of year	$ 89,581,067	$ 79,589,970

(A copy of the Annual Report may be obtained from the Secretary of the Company at Hamilton, Ont.)

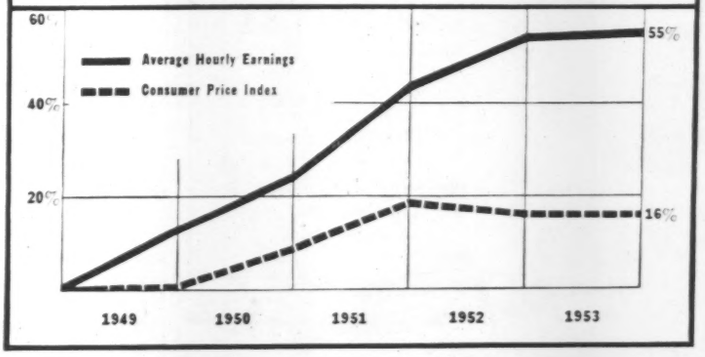
SOME HIGHLIGHTS

	1953	1952
Net sales to customers	$204,226,613	$190,214,161
Ingot production — net tons	1,894,742	1,371,789
Ingot tonnage rolled — including steel purchased and steel received from customers for conversion	1,957,032	1,817,757
Net profit	$ 14,257,440	$ 13,163,458
*Net profit per common share	$3.85	$3.56
Taxes — income and all other	$ 15,699,945	$ 13,188,988
*Taxes per common share — income and all other	$4.24	$3.56
Materials and services bought and used	$100,776,040	$ 97,056,121
Expenditures for plants and mining properties	$ 16,924,138	$ 42,220,263
Total wages and salaries paid	$ 50,292,737	$ 46,971,020
Wages paid for vacations and statutory holidays not worked, included in above total	$ 2,550,771	$ 2,165,718
Cost of other employee benefits, including Pension Plan, Retiring Allowances, Sickness Benefit Plan, Unemployment Insurance and Workmen's Compensation	$ 2,931,864	$ 2,564,400
Total employment costs	$ 53,224,601	$ 49,535,420
Number of shareholders	10,960	10,510
Shares held in Canada, percent	93%	93%

*Based on 3,701,850 common shares outstanding at December 31, 1953.

STELCO THE MARK OF QUALITY

PERCENTAGE INCREASES
IN AVERAGE HOURLY EARNINGS OF PAYROLL EMPLOYEES
AND IN CONSUMER PRICE INDEX SINCE JANUARY 1, 1949



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STELCO THE MARK OF QUALITY

teen daily and Sunday papers, with an interest in three others; The BERRYS controlled twenty-five dailies and Sundays.

Rothermere's boast that London could conquer the provinces, crush local financial interests and patriotism, and garner a harvest into the bargain was an hallucination. The Berrys from South Wales had a surer feeling for the provincial spirit.

The costly battle of the giants ended in the journalistic partition of Britain, an armistice, with casualties left maimed or unemployed all over the field. The curtain came down on Rothermere's bid for greater wealth and influence with the voluntary liquidation of Northcliffe Newspapers Ltd. and the absorption of many of its properties by Associated Newspapers.

In 1929, John Cowley, *Mirror* chairman, told the shareholders at the annual meeting that the company's investments, which included even mining ventures in Newfoundland, were worth £8 million apart from goodwill, plant and buildings.

Lord Rothermere's activities had not been confined to the purchase and sale of newspapers.

In the early twenties he had built up wide interests in pulp and paper, and the *Mirror* and *Pictorial* were already big shareholders in British newsprint concerns and in the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company. He now wanted to set up a mill in Quebec, buy timber limits, and make and sell newsprint to the rapidly expanding publishers in the U.S.

The Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd. was registered in 1925, and Rothermere became its first president. Again the two picture papers were involved, subscribing most of the preference shares, representing the major part of £1,640,000, and also guaranteeing £3 million debentures.

The high promise of prosperity dissolved in the slump of 1929.

So that Anglo-Canadian could survive the depression, there was a readjustment of capital in 1933, again guaranteed by *Mirror-Pictorial*. In 1940, the year of Rothermere's death, a major financial operation entailed sacrifices for the original shareholders, and Anglo-Canadian became a financial problem which the *Mirror* inherited from the Rothermere empire.

Fortunately, conditions in the industry changed. The company became a vigorous concern under the direction of the Canadian Elliott M. Little, operating on a financial reconstruction by two *Mirror* directors, Cecil H. King and Arthur S. Fuller.

Such were the fabulous deals of Harold Harmsworth, first Lord Rothermere.

(This is the third of eight excerpts from the highly successful book by Hugh Cudlipp, "Publish and Be Damned" — pp. 292 indexed — S. J. Reginald Saunders — $2.75. The fourth instalment will appear in next week's issue.)

•

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

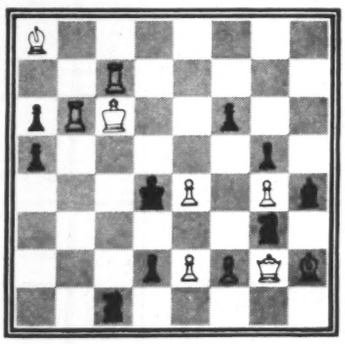
A FEW experiments have been made with passive sacrifices of more than one piece to prevent stalemate. Sam Loyd has a classic with double masking, dating from 1867:

White: K on KB1; Q on QB8; Rs on KR7 and KR8; B on KB5; P on KR3. Black: K on KR7; R on KKt7; Bs on KKt8 and KR8; Ps on KB7 and KKt5. Mate in three.

1.R-Q7, P-Kt6;2-B-R7, etc.

Problem No. 62, by H. W. Bettmann

Black—Nine Pieces



White—Ten Pieces
White mates in three.

Solution of Problem No. 61

1.Q-KB1, threatening 2.Kt-Kt5 mate. If KR-B7; 2.Q-R3 mate. If QR-B7; 2.Q-B4 mate. If QxKt; 2.P-Q5 mate. If BxKt; 2.PxKt(Kt) mate. If Kt-B5; 2.R-K5 mate. If Kt-B2; 2.B-Q7 mate. If QxP; 2.KtxQ mate.

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Films

The Western Classic

By Mary Lowrey Ross

THERE seem to be a great many Westerns about lately, probably because the new wide screen demands, and consumes, an exorbitant amount of landscape and action. This can hardly be described as a trend, however, since the Western is a permanent institution that flourishes, declines, re-emerges, and never disappears entirely. Essentially it is as indestructible as the hero who dominates it, for no other cinematic form seems to contain so many of the indispensable elements, both visible and abstract, on which film-making depends. Within its relatively rigid framework we get flight and pursuit, danger, romance, crime and punishment, and above all that peculiar catharsis through violence and lawlessness which seems to be almost as necessary to modern audiences as the catharsis through tragedy was to the Greeks.

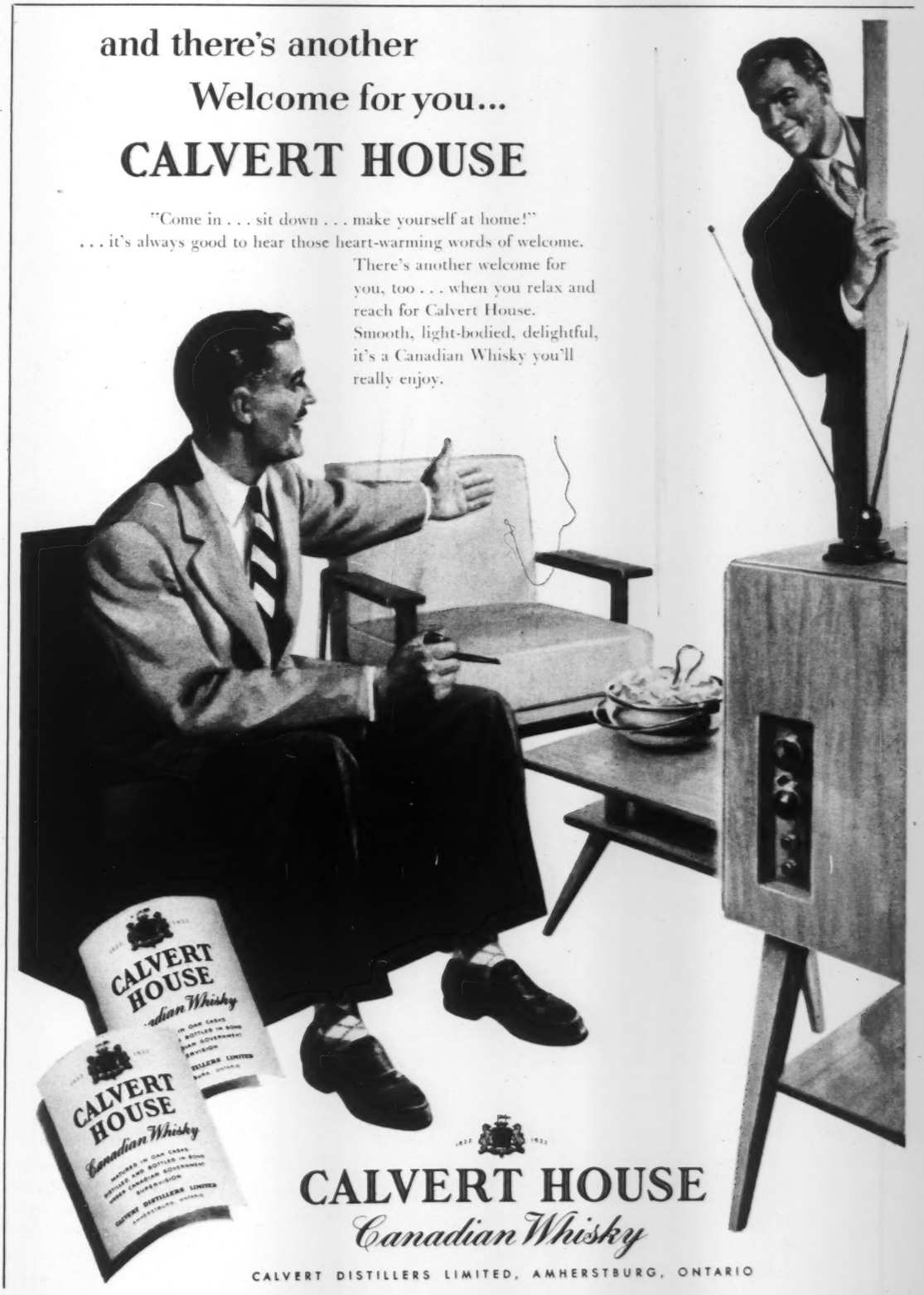
These modern constituents are now so completely conventionalized that even the cheapest Grade B Western can't afford to omit a single one of them. "I've never seen a Western, no matter how bad, that I couldn't enjoy," a Hollywood film-maker once told me. Actually a Western that a confirmed horse-opera addict couldn't enjoy probably doesn't exist. The elements necessary for his entertainment are bound to be on hand. Anything extra by way of characterization, dramatic photography and scenic breadth may add to his pleasure; but their absence wouldn't necessarily spoil it.

Escape from Fort Bravo is a Grade A Western. Its hero is tough, taciturn, invincible and indestructible, and he is played here by William Holden, a good actor who gets the maximum flexibility from his Iron Man role. Eleanor Parker, cast as the heroine, models the required emotions with professional competence and style, which is all that is required of her. Its background is the Arizona badlands, a familiar Western location. But the distracted wind-carved landscape is more imaginatively photographed here than in most Western films, and there's a lot more of it. There are good minor characterizations, including a shrewd performance by William Demarest in the type of waggish gaffer's role usually assigned to Chill Wills. And as a wind-up there is a remarkable Indian attack, with the besieged party cowering in a sand dune and the Mescalero Indians, armed with bows and arrows, employing artillery tactics that might have impressed Clausewitz.

All the necessary elements of a Western are present in *Escape from Fort Bravo* and every element is sharpened, intensified and as far as possible brought to a pitch of competence. At the same time, everything is flawlessly predictable. It's a Grade A Western, with nothing but care, finish and visual imagination to distinguish it from the Grade B's and lesser categories.

Producer George Pal, who started his cinematic career as a puppet-cartoonist, is responsible for the film version of H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*. Apparently Producer Pal is still deeply interested in the mechanics of his medium, for in this film he has turned his people into puppets and attempted to convert his gadgets into living horrors. It doesn't work out very successfully. We moviegoers are great shock-absorbers and aren't likely to be much disturbed at this stage by electric cobras mounted with Technicolored electronic eyes.

The Pal version transfers the action from England to California, but apart from this innovation follows the Wells fantasy with reasonable faithfulness. The Martians arrive in their triangular space-ships, armed with death-rays, electronic shields and detectors, and every conceivable device for taking over our planet except, as it turns out, Kleenex and Aspirin. The kindergarten toys of our atomic scientists are helpless against the Martians, but in the end they come down ignominiously with the common cold, and die off like flies. The screen swarms with gadgets, however, except when the technological display is interrupted by old newsreel shots of war devastation. The newsreels looked shabby, faded, and in the midst of all the razzle-dazzle Technicolor, disturbingly authentic.


and there's another
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CASANOVA at 42, a portrait attributed to Raphael Mengs, of the Italian gallant whose name is synonymous with adventure, both political and amatory.

Books

How To, How To, How To

By Robertson Davies

DURING THE PAST WEEK I have subjected myself to a compressed, intense course of education in how to be a successful wife, how to be a successful seducer of women, and how to be emotionally mature. Perhaps I have not played fair with the books in which these skills were explained, for unless some biological mishap befalls me I shall never be a wife, I have no ambitions as a Don Juan, and emotional maturity (as described by those who claim to possess it) seems to me unattractive. But I have read the books faithfully, and I have formed opinions about them which will not, I fear, be pleasing to the authors.

The book on Wifemanship is by Mrs. Dale Carnegie, and it is called *How to Help Your Husband Get Ahead in his Social and Business Life*. All that this book says may be summed up thus: Love your husband as much as you are able, and use your common sense. Swollen with almost blank pages at the beginning of each chapter, with capsule reiterations of what has been said, and with stories about Mrs. Eisenhower, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Arthur Murray and other ladies described as "famous wives", the book is blown out to 250 pages. I have no doubt that it will sell many hundreds of thousands of copies, for there is a vogue for such books in our ambitious, uneasy, tremulous age. But I do not see how it can be of much use to anyone, for a woman who has enough brains to understand it is already acting upon its principles, and a woman who has not, cannot. Women are not bad wives because they don't know the rules of the game; their failure has deeper roots than that.

Husbands, if you find your wife reading this book, be wise, and do not read it yourself on the sly. If you do so, you will undoubtedly surprise your wife in the act of putting its precepts into practice, and you may strike her in public. You may catch her making you seem lovable by looking at you with adoration in public; in Mrs. Carnegie's view this is part of a wife's task. You may catch her making up for your shyness by creating opportunities for you to enter the conversation. You may notice that the standard of food in your home is falling off, and you will know that she is starving you for your own good. You may catch her swallowing her annoyance (which will inevitably go underground and emerge in some other form) because she has determined to keep your home life happy. You may find that she is flattering you to the point where you gag; this is because she is (Mrs. Carnegie's pungent phrase) "raising her standard of loving". If Wifemanship is being practised upon you, it is better that you should not be too conscious of the ticking and whirring of the machinery.

There is no bad advice in this book. But there is much shallow good advice expressed in terms which makes marriage seem nauseous to anyone who believes in the greatness and dignity of the human spirit. It was not thus that Portia loved Brutus, that

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Elizabeth Barrett loved Robert Browning.

If you are of a mildly cynical disposition, of course, you can read this book, and your wife can read it, and then you can have a lot of fun keeping score on examples of Wifemanship exhibited by eager ladies of your acquaintance. Such a game will draw you nearer together, though it may not make you more lovable among the simple-minded.

I approached John Chandos's *A Guide to Seduction* with a conviction that it could not be any good, which is quite the wrong spirit for a critic. But I am not merely a critic; I am also a man, and in my time I have known a few seducers, including one rather celebrated one. Not one of them ever read a book of any kind, and would have hooted at the notion that their art could be studied any way except at first-hand (if I may be pardoned the expression). The people who read books about seduction are wistful fellows from whom girls have nothing to dread. People who write books on such themes are, all too often, imagining themselves as the subtle inheritors of Casanova's nightshirt, or the bedsheets of Crébillon, or the dressing-gown of Byron; they can write about seduction, but one would like an impartial report on their success with ladies. In this line, above all others, those who can, do; those who can't, teach.

Let me say at once that Mr. Chandos writes well and amusingly, and that what he says is all convincing enough. But any lad of eighteen who buys this book, expecting that it will be of assistance to him in living a jolly life for ten years, and then capturing one of Mrs. Carnegie's trained wives, is spending his money foolishly. In the eighteenth century Mr. Chandos's methods might have worked, but they are not for today, and they are certainly not for Canada.

In the eighteenth century men whose hobby it was seduced girls of lower social station than themselves, and they seduced other men's wives. They did not seduce girls in their own sphere of life, for to do so was to run the risk of a duel or a forced marriage. Nowadays, girls of a humble station in life are not to be lured by the kind of subtle sweet talk that Mr. Chandos advises. Frankly, they are too dumb to understand it. Wives may be different, but I think not. A woman of adulterous nature does not need seduction; she is more than likely to be a seducer herself.

It is this fact that Mr. Chandos neglects: adultery is more often than not a mutual affair, and to call it seduction is to use words loosely: it is much better to call it "reaching an agreement". But to seduce a virtuous woman—that is to say, to lead her from the path of strict virtue without loving her—requires more art than the timid will learn from this book. Seduction in our day requires more vigor and natural talent than Mr. Chandos has allowed for. Still, the book is amusing reading and it is the kind of thing bachelors like the cleaning-woman to find on their bedside tables.

The last book on my desk today belongs to that category of American writing which is not philosophy, nor psychology nor religion, but a watery draught in which all three may be faintly discerned; perhaps it might be called Uplift. It is vaguely in the Emersonian tradition without having more than a whiff of the Emersonian good sense. It is called *The Mind Alive* and its sub-title reveals that the purpose of the book it to tell us "How to keep our Mental and Emotional Level high: How to Live so that Life has Meaning". Let us call this Soulmanship.

The book is the work of Harry and Bonaro Overstreet; connoisseurs of Uplift may recall earlier books called *The Mature Mind* and *Courage For Crisis*. It is easy to work up anger about such books—to condemn them as fake philosophy for the half-baked—but the fact is that thousands of people who have no firm religion, no firm philosophy, and no firm notion of psychology read such works in the hope that they may still the fears which gnaw them, find the key to the locked door, wrest from life the thing which has eluded them. Such books are a product of our civilization, in which great numbers of people are literate without being educated, and and in which thousands desire wisdom but shirk the toil and discipline which being wise involves.

The book in hand offers much advice which is good, but which people who need it are very unlikely to be able to absorb for themselves. It takes a man already wise to learn further wisdom from a book. People in distress, or merely unhappy, need teachers or priests to cope with them. They want a human voice to say the words; they need praise and scoldings as well as advice. *The Mind Alive*, packed with chilly goodwill and watered-down New England stoicism, is of no use to them.

But they will buy this book, as they have bought so many others like it. We must pity the hungriness of heart which clamors for reassurance and wisdom, but which shrinks from religion and philosophy, either of which might, in different ways, fill their need and soothe their sorrow. Our age has robbed such people of the simplicity of ignorance, and has so far failed to lift them to the simplicity of wisdom. In the purgatory between these two states they seize upon such well-meant quackery as *The Mind Alive*.

HELP YOUR HUSBAND GET AHEAD—by Mrs. Dale Carnegie—pp. 251—*Ambassador*—$3.00.

A GUIDE TO SEDUCTION—by John Chandos—pp. 255 and line drawings—*Saunders*—$3.35.

THE MIND ALIVE—by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet—pp. 326—*McLeod*—$4.50.

In Brief

A SHADOW FALLS—by G. Murray Atkin—pp. 186—*Ryerson*—$3.25.

"From the present, half blind with prejudice, I look back upon the cauldron of those months, seething and boiling with the emotions of those who fed it. Into that pot went the complexes of human nature and there was no hand firm enough to remove them from too hot a fire."

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novel by Miss Atkin, a Canadian, points up the story's main fault—in fiction, it is not always true that where there's smoke, there's fire. For this reviewer at least all the smoky loving, hating, marrying, running away, going mad and dying, by a rather rarefied little group of people in and around Montreal, is related with so little real warmth that it is seldom felt.

THE SEA HUNTERS—by Frank Robb—pp. 200—*Longmans, Green*—$2.25.

The author of this novel about the men who man the deep-sea fishing boats off the southeastern coast of Africa hints quite plainly that the gist of the story is true. He was a fishing captain himself, working out of Durban. He tells here of a fishing boat up to its flag locker in debt, setting out into the Mozambique current with a mixed crew of whites, Zulus, Pondos and Indians to try to catch enough fish to get the boat out of hock. Good fast-moving adventure.

THE CLOSED HARBOR—by James Hanley—pp. 315—*Horizon Press*—$3.50.

E. M. Forster calls this author, James Hanley, "a novelist of distinction and originality", C. P. Snow says he is "one of the most important of living writers", and Henry Green says he is "the best writer of the sea and of sea-faring men since Conrad, and indeed in my opinion is much superior to him". All may be right. This story of a disgraced sea captain adrift in Marseilles while he seeks a new command has a feeling of heat and doom and madness such as only a great writer can give. Still, his prose and what it says has rather a special taste; a devotee of Camus would be likely to enjoy it.

CRESS DELAHANTY—by Jessamyn West—pp. 311—*George J. McLeod*—$4.00.

Few people need to be told of how well Jessamyn West writes, but here is wonderfully fresh evidence. The publisher compares this loosely-knit chronicle—which could be sub-titled "Adventures of an Adolescent Girl"—to the classic Penrod, but the substance is much deeper than Penrod. There is more understanding of girlhood here than the average parent could dig out of a roomful of psychology texts, and in that way it is really high art.

THE CHARIOTEER—by Mary Renault—pp. 400—*Longmans, Green*—$3.00.

This novel, set in wartime England, works faithfully through all the nuances, worries and jealousies of a normally complicated love affair, the exception being that the people getting ready for bed at the end are both men. These two, well and sensitively portrayed, had known one another (but not intimately) in boarding school. When they meet later, both servicemen, and find that they love one another, they fight it in the manner of two steps forward and one step back.

At first thought, it seems quite remarkable for a woman to write so understandingly of homosexuals; at second thought, perhaps not, since they think fundamentally as women do. One chapter about a big intrigue-ridden drinking party contains what surely must be some of the most perceptive writing ever published about these not-all-unhappy men.

PASSAGE IN THE NIGHT—by Sholem Asch—pp. 367—*Allen*—$4.00.

Here is another old master at work. This time his protagonist is an aging tycoon, Isaac Grossman, who can't forget that he got his start by stealing $25 from a poor and ignorant man. When Grossman, ridden into a private hell by that memory, sets out to right the old wrong, his whole family fights. Because Isaac made them that way, they are rich people, powerful, with social position. They frankly don't believe the old man's story, think his mind has gone.

As in all of Mr. Asch's work, the story is an introduction to deep human truths, an exploration of the degrees to which good is good and evil, evil. The author is almost fearfully successful in showing that guilt lies only in the awareness of guilt, and that a too-keen awareness of guilt is close to madness.

S. Y.

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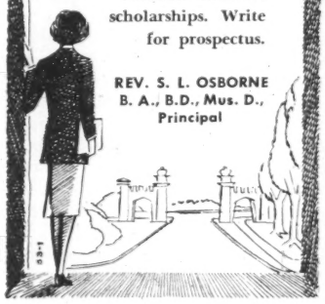

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Sports

A Sports Revival

By Jim Coleman

THE LATE JAMES JONES was fond of telling the story of how a man put a gun to Mr. Jones's noggin and forced him to win more than $300,000. It just goes to show you that you should be very courteous to the next gentleman who puts a gun to your head.

Mr. Jones was the proprietor of the company that owned the Photo-Finish cameras which bear his name and which are operated at race tracks throughout North America. There were (and are) rival photo-finish cameras in the field and Mr. Jones was kept hustling and bustling to stay ahead of his competitors.

One day in 1941, Jones heard a harness-racing track was being built at Westbury, Long Island. Mr. Jones had a very low opinion of harness racing, which was almost extinct if you ignored some backward sections of the corn-tassel country. However, a race track was a race track to Mr. Jones and his cameras could photograph a trotter or a pacer just as well as they could photograph a running thoroughbred.

So, Mr. Jones went out to Westbury, Long Island, and he met the man-with-the-gun. Mr. Jones gave his pitch about his photo-finish cameras and the man put the gun to his head. "Your cameras are very good, Mr. Jones," conceded the man, "but there are other cameras which are just as good. If you make a small investment of $10,000 in the stock of our race track, it is likely that we will install your cameras. We would hate to install the cameras of your competitors."

The gun, of course, was only a fiction but Mr. Jones, who became nauseated when he thought of his competitors putting their cameras into another race track, knew that he was listening to large-calibre words. Mr. Jones bought the $10,000 stock —with great alacrity.

The name of the harness-racing track at Westbury, Long Island, was Roosevelt Raceway.

When Mr. Jones was telling me the story in 1950, the market value of that same $10,000 purchase of stock was $250,000 and he had received cash dividends of $75,000 in nine years.

"That man let me off pretty easily," said Mr. Jones wryly. "It's a good thing that he didn't realize he could have forced me to buy $25,000 of that stock."

The little adventure of the late Mr. Jones illustrates the remarkable growth of harness racing's popularity in North America in the past decade. The recent Dewey investigation in New York state emphasized the growth by revealing that politicians

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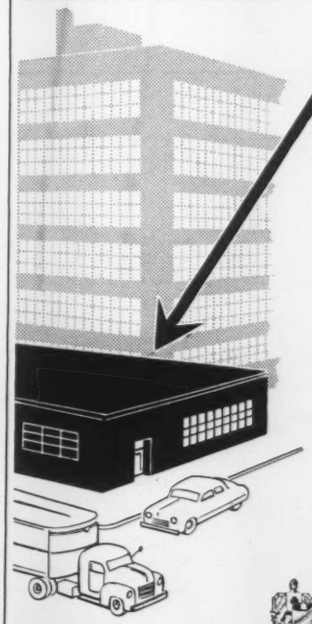

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had become fat on gifts of stock from the promoters of harness-racing tracks.

The New York investigation almost completely ignored the fact that the harness racing itself had been conducted on a high level and there was no suggestion that any horseman had been guilty of mopery or gawk.

The American revival in harness racing is due to two things: the invention of the mobile starting-gate and the introduction of night racing.

The introduction of the mobile gate has eliminated all those tedious false starts and delays which drove away action-hungry spectators. Now, they start a race every 20 minutes on the major tracks and, if anything, harness-racing programs are conducted with more snap and precision than an afternoon of running races.

Harness racing hasn't lured spectators away from the running-horse tracks. On the contrary, running-horse tracks now are attracting the largest crowds in their history. However, harness racing has attracted a new set of enthusiasts. These harness-racing *afficionados* are the men and women who work during the day and, consequently, are unable to visit the running-horse tracks which operate in the afternoon. They are what the promoters refer to as "the street-car crowd".

It is only natural that the harness-racing revival should be felt in Canada, too. A century ago, the Dominion provided many of the foundation mares for the original standard-bred stocks and, although the sport disappeared almost completely from the Western provinces in the thirties, the Maritimes and Ontario continued to develop top-class trotters and pacers.

Some of harness racing's greatest names, such as Ben White and Nat Ray, were Canadians. And, of the present generation, such Canucks as Clint Hodgins, Ralph Baldwin, Joe O'Brien and Johnny Chapman are ranked among the world's top driver-trainers.

Canadian harness racing received a shot in the arm last year when The Hambletonian — the sport's richest race—was won by Helicopter. Up until then, the Canadian sporting public generally hadn't realized that Helicopter was owned by two Brampton, Ontario, contractors—J. Elgin Armstrong and C. E. Armstrong. The Armstrong brothers, who also race thoroughbreds and own show horses, hadn't made much fuss over the fact that they owned the world's champion three-year-old trotter.

Even the most enthusiastic United States harness-racing men have been astounded by recent occurrences in the Province of Quebec; the trotters and pacers have chased the running horses out of Montreal, where thoroughbred racing had been conducted annually for 118 years. (Yes, that's right—since 1836.)

Consequently, in Montreal this summer, we will have the unique spectacle of two harness-racing tracks operating in competition while the ousted thoroughbreds peer fretfully over the border from Ontario.

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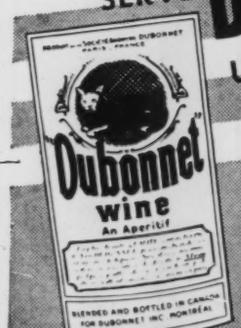

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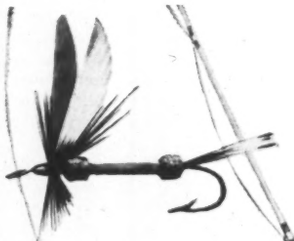

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Business

A New Look in Leather For Canadian Users

By SELWYN JAMES

ONE DAY a few weeks ago, in the research laboratory of a leading Canadian tannery, a visitor watched a thin piece of butter-smooth leather —of the kind used for shoe uppers— undergoing a series of routine tests. The leather was stretched between two power-driven vises and withstood 300 pounds of pressure without breaking. It was then subjected to a rugged abrasion test, pounded by heavy metal weights, flexed by machine one million times into the same kind of creases that occur across the vamp of a shoe, and finally exposed to 1,000 hours of simulated sunlight to check the efficacy of the dyes.

The visitor, astonished by this "torture rack" testing of leather, wondered out loud whether the so-called miracle fibres could stand up under such punishment. "Leather," he was told by the tannery's chief chemist, "*is* a miracle fibre—the oldest known to man." The chemist might have added that leather is also one of the newest. As a result of the wedding of modern science to the ancient art of tanning, leather has emerged as a "glamour" product with an almost limitless range of color, shade and texture, as well as an increased suppleness and strength not thought possible a few short years ago.

Harnessing the latest discoveries in chemistry, the 50-odd Canadian tanneries are producing leathers that are new in appearance, new in use, and new in appeal to the public. This skilful blending of the talents of scientist and leather-maker is not only keeping 15 million Canadians well shod but is supplying them with handbags, wallets, belts, gloves, luggage, garments, furniture and automobile upholstery, sports equipment, belting to turn the wheels of other industries, and a multitude of other articles.

Take the leather footwear on which the average Canadian walks about 9½ miles daily. Not so many years ago, the traditional brown or black shoes were the limited choice offered to the Canadian consumer. Today, leather shoes for men, women and children are available in 157 colors and a multitude of textures and grains. They range from glowing silver kid with a delicate lace design, velvety suede leathers, embroidered, jewelled and beaded leathers, to rich-looking, aniline-dyed cattle hides. The new aniline process allows the natural grain of the leather to show through the transparent finishes. Last year, Canada's 280 shoe manufacturers shipped over 39 million pairs to the nation's shoe stores and other retail outlets.

What makes modern leather-making distinctive is the fact that the tanner, unlike producers of many processed materials, cannot hope to get uniformity in his basic raw material. He must take the hides and skins as they come, whether or not they are scored by grub marks, barbed wire scratches or skinners' knife cuts; and he must convert these hides to a top grade of leather by his own skill and talents, while preserving the individual beauty of each skin—no two of which are identical.

The tanner is well aware of the unique quality of his raw material. He knows better than anybody that the function of the hide is not, as a schoolboy once wrote, merely to hold the animal together. The skin of an animal is an exquisitely complex organism made up of bundles of fibres, with each individual fibre made up of smaller fibre-like parts, interlaced in a way that gives the hide enormous strength and flexibility and, at the same time, allows air and water vapor to pass through.

In the tanning process these properties must be retained, and the tanned hide remain strong, supple and able to "breathe". All these qualities are essential characteristics of leather, especially for shoe soles and uppers, which absorb eighty-five per cent of all the leather produced in Canada.

The foundation of Canada's leather-making industry was laid back in 1651, when an enterprising tanner named Francois Bissot arrived in New France and set up shop in a little wood-shrouded tannery on the banks of the St. Lawrence River at Levis, Quebec. Up to that time, the early colonists had tanned their shoe leather and buckskins by the Indian method of pounding a mixture of animal brains and fibrated soap root into sun-dried deer skins. Bissot changed all that. He made tanning solutions from the bark of nearby oak trees — a traditional European method—and turned out better leather than the colonists had seen this side of the Atlantic.

Other immigrant tanners soon followed Francois Bissot, and the growing demand for good leather taxed every ounce of their ingenuity. In many St. Lawrence settlements, tanners used river water for soaking the hides prior to the tanning process. They laid thousands of them in flat barges, which were then weighted down with rocks, leaving the hides and skins to soften with the ebb and flow of the tide. Not until the mid-19th century did machines revolutionize tanning and shoemaking and turn what had formerly been a home craft into a major Canadian industry.

In the old days, the tanner-shoemaker took about 60 hours to turn out a single pair of shoes made of a crude, undyed leather. Today, the daily rate of leather shoe production is about 12 pairs per tannery worker and shoe factory worker—and in leathers made from the hides and skins of dozens of different animals, reptiles and even birds, ranging from cattle, horses, calves, sheep and goats to pigs, ostriches, seals, alligators, snakes, kangaroos and many others.

SINCE early history, man has used leather for footwear. But not until quite recently did anyone in Canada trouble to discover exactly the *why* of leather. This has been done by the Tanners Association of Canada, whose research workers have the job of investigating leather's strength and durability, designing equipment to demonstrate the findings, and finding ways of developing methods of constantly improving leather. They discovered that a square inch of leather contains 30 miles of fibres. They designed and built a device to demonstrate crease resistance; a mechanical tester, which stretches and contracts a piece of shoe upper leather, does not crack the leather even after one million flexings.

Another machine, used today by all tanneries, subjects leather to hundreds of pounds of pressure without bursting or spreading it. In a practical sense, this means that all-leather shoes hold their shape, and that the uppers will not pull away from the leather soles. Puncture-test apparatus reveals the resistance of leather to penetration by nails, glass, and other sharp objects.

What is known as "wearability" is not the only attribute the Canadian consumer demands of footwear. Fashion and style are at least equally important. So most tanners employ fashion consultants, stylists and color specialists. Several times a year, for example, the industry's fashion and color experts meet to select the predominant colors in smooth and suede leather for the following spring, summer, fall or winter.

Textile and garment manufacturers, conscious of the coordination between garments and such accessories as shoes, belts, handbags and gloves, eagerly await the tanners' seasonal color announcements to the trade. The leading leather shades for this coming summer and fall, for instance, are the tropical colors—coral flash, parakeet (blue green), panama, butter yellow, sweetheart blue, sweetheart pink, white, white bark, turquoise, flame red—and the pale blonde tones, the beige, the honey, and the lighter brown shades in the beautiful translucent aniline dyes.

Tanners Association of Canada

THIS MACHINE, *operating with a complicated system of chains and pulleys, measures the area of a side or split of leather.*

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855A

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Geco

I PURCHASED *Geco at $12.00 per share. I am wondering if I bought at the top. Do you think there are prospects of further appreciation in the price of these shares or should I sadly take my loss? — T. H. W., Toronto.*

The chart pattern is perhaps the best indicator of what can be expected for the short term in the market action of this stock. Now that the initial speculative activity touched off by the news of the discovery has abated, the market appears to be rather hesitantly assessing the possibilities of the company. One of the factors responsible for the hesitation is the unsettled lawsuit between the company and Tombill Gold Mines.

The chart pattern shows that after the initial uprush that carried the price from 5.55 to 13 the stock reacted to 9; then after lifting briefly to 11.50 settled back to 10, where it has drifted for some time.

A drop through 9½ followed by a spill through 8¾ would indicate considerable weakness is developing. If it holds over 9½, another test of the supply over 11 may develop.

Beattie-Duquesne

WILL YOU *please give me some information regarding Beattie-Duquesne Mines. I bought shares at $1.00. Are they still good and worth keeping? They never seem to trade on the market.—V. L., Victoria, BC.*

After a long period of inactivity the shares of Beattie-Duquesne have advanced considerably from the 18-20 cent level prevailing around the end of the year to 45-50 on the strength of a report that the company has staked a considerable acreage near Oka, about 35 miles from Montreal, where a high-grade rare earth discovery has been made.

While detailed reports are not yet available, it would appear worthwhile holding your shares at the present time in hopes that speculative activity in the stock will expand. This, of course, is dependent upon what news can be provided from exploration activities.

Opemiska Copper

PLEASE TALK *about Opemiska Copper. I first purchased 200 shares at $2.05 and now have 4,000 shares that average $1.60. My gripe is no news. In the prospecting and drill-hole phase a constant flow of bulletins and gossip is the rule. In the early production (present) phase there is almost no publicity. Speculative capital, that made the development possible, deserves a better deal. —W. W. G., Kirkland Lake, Ont.*

Judging by our file on this company, the news releases have been much better than the average. Many companies, far too many, fully justify your criticism by handing out hallelujah news during the drilling stage (which also coincides with the promotion stage when optioned stock is being marketed) and becoming very coy about news and balance sheets afterwards.

Part of the answer lies in the fact that publicity costs money, and after the business of distributing the stock has been finished it is up to the management to provide news of sufficient value to keep it from landing in the waste baskets of the financial editors, who get news releases by the pound every day.

The picture at Opemiska seems good enough to warrant confidence, with the last official ore estimate of July, 1953, showing reserves of 1,054,000 tons grading 4.82 per cent copper and 0.068 ounces of gold per ton.

The concentrator, with a daily capacity of 400-450 tons, has been in operation since December, and the grade of concentrates is running about 30 per cent copper. On the basis of 28-cent copper (dollar at par), it has been calculated that the net smelter value of the mill-feed per ton is $23.42. Operating costs are estimated at $11.80 per ton, which would leave an operating profit of $11.62 per ton. This would be equivalent to 30 cents per share.

A reduction in the price of copper would possibly be offset to some extent by the changeover to hydro power early next year and the proposed railroad that would cut freight costs considerably.

The market action of the stock has seemingly been the worst factor in the situation. The present rally to 1.40 holds some promise and could carry to around 1.75.

Chateau-Gai Wines

I HAVE BEEN *considering the purchase of shares in Chateau-Gai Wines Ltd., as an investment for income. Do you think the dividend rate of $1.00 is secure? Would you comment on this company?—C.G.M., Toronto.*

From the annual reports of the company, it is apparent that an upward trend in sales and earnings has been maintained since 1949. Earnings per share progressed in this period from 76 cents per share in 1949 to $1.04 for the year ending April 30, 1953. Dividends paid increased with the earnings from 70 cents to $1.00.

While figures for the current year will not be available for some time, it appears that sales and earnings have been well maintained and the acquisition of Bordeaux Wines should improve the sales position.

With the exception of the inventory item in the balance sheet, which at $1,051,808 stands above the working capital of $868,842, the balance

sheet reflects a healthy financial position, and as the inventory figure has consistently been above working capital since 1947, it appears that a high inventory position is a normal condition.

The high percentage of earnings paid out in dividends is also noteworthy and makes the stock appear attractive on a yield basis. On the present price of 10¾ a yield of 9.3 per cent is available.

Limited purchases seem warranted at the present price and, while no wide price fluctuations can be expected, further purchases could be made on weakness.

Arabee Oil

I HAVE *some shares in the Arabee Oil and Gas Co. Can you tell me if the shares have any value? For a small investment, would you advise holding? — P. W., North Battleford, Sask.*

At last report the company had oil reserves in the Leduc field where it owns one well and has a 5 per cent interest in four others. With 1,050,000 shares outstanding, this works out to a fifth of a barrel per share. This hardly provides a high value per share.

As an underwriter has agreed to purchase 100,000 shares at 12½ cents and has optioned 200,000 at 12½ cents and 200,000 at 15 cents, on which payment is due on May 1, 1954, the price may be pushed up by efforts to market stock.

If the price falls below the option level, holding would not seem advisable.

New Devon Petroleums

WHAT DO YOU *think of the value of New Devon shares? They have recently dipped to 17 cents. Are they no longer worth 40 cents?—R. G. W., Vancouver.*

In the final analysis, the value of any stock is set by the market after promotion by underwriters has ended. Oil stocks are very difficult to evaluate from the balance sheets of the companies because so many intangibles, such as incorporation and promotion expenses along with the costs of drilling dry wells, are included in the total assets. In the case of New Devon, simple division of the total assets listed on December 31, 1953, of $1,384,225 by the 3.9 million shares outstanding gives a figure of 29 cents per share.

When we begin to deduct such items as the bank loan of $162,500, other loans of $39,728, unproductive wells $130,120 and commissions of $103,125 paid on the sale of shares, the picture changes rapidly.

While oil reserves of 2,990,000 barrels are stated, any value placed upon them will be purely arbitrary; their real value lies in the year in which they will be produced, and that in turn depends upon the allowable rates of production.

Here the profit and loss account tells the story. The revenue from producing wells amounted to $160,520, which shrank after operating expenses of $43,963 to $116,557, and after administration expenses of $35,985 to $80,572. Depreciation of $61,451 brought the figure down to a net profit of $19,121, an almost invisible per-share figure.

Companies, and their stocks, are rated upon what they can earn, and assets alone are a secondary consideration. The present market price is expressing that rating and that, after all, is just what any stock is worth—just what it can be sold for.

Weedon Pyrite

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on Weedon Pyrite and Copper Corp., as to betterment of earnings and price over the next six months or so. I hold some stock purchased around 50 cents per share compared with the present price of 33-34. Published reports of tonnage mined and sales contracts seemed encouraging.—G. F. M., Westmount, PQ.*

The annual report of the company shows a profit of $138,695 for the year ended December 31, 1953. Production was valued at $1,230,460 from 77,724 tons. The prospects for this year appear to be better than last, for, the initial "breaking in" period concentrated most of the earnings in the last half of the year and mill capacity is being increased to 300 tons per day.

The expansion in output should help the rather lean working-capital position which at the year's end stood at $10,785. So should the taking up of the option, due June 1, on 200,000 shares at 35 cents.

Considering the present stability of the stock, it appears quite possible that a base is being formed here from which an advance could take place. Should an improvement in the ore picture be obtained from the present exploration work, an advance to around 50 cents could get under way.

In Brief

DO YOU *think that Royal Arch Oils will recover to the 12 cent level? If so, should I plan on buying now at 2 cents to average down? — H. M. P., Chilliwack, BC.*

Sure—if you like being bitten twice by the same dog.

DO YOU *think Oil Selections will recover to the 50 cent level again?—B. M., Hespeler, Ont.*

From 5 cents? That takes a lot of hoping.

CAN YOU *tell me what happened to Blue Bell Oil?—C. J. M., Calgary.*

It's dead.

I AM *holding a few thousand shares of American Yellowknife bought at 23. Do you consider this stock good for a hold? — E. P. M., Brockville, Ont.*

For the short term, while the underwriters are busy.

ARE SHARES *of Continental Copper mines of any value?—R. M., Hamilton, Ont.*

Not worth the proverbial continental.

WOULD YOU *consider Burnt Hill Tungsten a buy at $4.75? — M. R., Montreal.*

Not in my opinion.

McColl-Frontenac

An Outstanding Record

Net income of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for 1953 was $2.71 per common share, up from $2.18 per common share in 1952 and the highest in the history of the Company. The Company's sales volume also reached a new record level last year.

McColl's crude oil production improved materially in 1953. In addition to continuing its working agreement with Texaco Exploration Company, at the end of the year the Company initiated plans to re-enter the exploration field in Western Canada on its own behalf.

We offer as agents—

McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited
Common Shares

Indicated dividend:
$1.00 per share per annum

Price: at the market

Orders for these shares placed by mail or telephone with any of our offices will be executed promptly.

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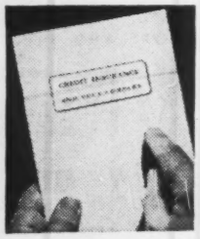

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Saturday Night Press

71 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 419

A dividend of 6c per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 30th day of June, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 2nd day of June, 1954.

DATED the 9th day of April, 1954.

P. C. FINLAY,
SECRETARY.

Who's Who in Business

Mr. Scythes Moves Fast

By J. W. Bacque

A FEW FRIENDS of J. Ardagh Scythes in Toronto in the early 1900s would have predicted that he would one day be the head of his own busy and prosperous firm, Scythes and Company. The son of a former small town miller and storekeeper, Mr. Scythes had to go to work at the age of 15, to help support his family: in the slump of 1895, his father had lost most of his money.

"I got pushed out of school in 1899," Mr. Scythes says, "I couldn't get along with the principal, and he and my folks decided that I had better go to work. I got a job as messenger boy in the business office of the *Toronto Daily Star*. Among other things, I was a good penman, and I was supposed to put up headline bulletins in 15 or 16 hotels, offices and theatres in the downtown part of the city. Two of my boards were at the old Grand Theatre and the Toronto Opera House, and I used to stop to watch the shows. One day my boss caught me and said, 'Ardy Scythes, if I catch you doing this once again, you're fired.' Well, he caught me, and I was fired. Otherwise, I might have had a newspaper career."

Ballard & Jarrett

J. ARDAGH SCYTHES

The next job he had was at the Fancy Goods Company of Canada. He was there nine days. "I left; I wasn't fired," he says. "The people at John Leckie's, Ships Chandlers, where I had to deliver and pick up things, thought I was a likely looking lad, and they offered me three dollars a week. I held out for four, double the salary Fancy Goods were giving me, and Leckie's eventtually agreed. C. L. Burton, who now runs Simpson's, was in charge at Fancy Goods, and I had to give him reasons why I wanted to leave so soon. I said: 'Mr. Burton, I don't see much future here. You're only making ten or twelve dollars a week, and you're the secretary-treasurer of the whole company. The others are making about four or five dollars. We're a big family, and a poor family, and we need the money.' I was a saucy kid, but I left there on good terms."

At Leckie's, he received a contract "whereby I would share part of the profits of the company—a certain percentage up to $10,000 a year, and so much more above that. I used to go around the province in the summertime, selling their stuff, and pretty soon I was making more from the profit sharing than I was from the salary." He once executed a neat coup when hundreds of barrels of fish glue were lying unsold, and apparently unsalable, in the store. He bought it, and, advertising himself on a specially printed letterhead as "J. A. Scythes, Fish Glue Merchant", got rid of the lot at a handsome profit.

He left Leckie's in 1908, and worked with the Colonial Cordage Company for two years. Then, using some of the business he had built up with Colonial, he set up Scythes and Company in 1910. "I moved pretty fast there for a while," he says.

Mr. Scythes, at 69, is still moving pretty fast. The company he founded, and still runs as president and managing director, employs 175 people and sells its goods in most of Canada's major cities. Otto Homuth and Sons, manufacturing wool and rayon goods in Preston, Ontario, is a wholly owned subsidiary. Scythes and Company manufactures workmen's clothes and canvas goods, as well as handling cotton mill waste and wiping waste for machinery.

Mr. Scythes is active in a large number of organizations outside his own business: he is a member of the Board of Governors of Victoria University, an active Rotarian and YMCA governor, and a 33rd degree Scottish Rite Mason. He is a director of eight large Canadian companies, and this January he was made a vice-chairman of the Toronto Transit Commission.

He was married in 1906, and there are five children in the family. Mrs. Scythes fell sick during the influenza epidemic of 1920, and she has had a permanent disability ever since. "For years, I read aloud to her," Mr. Scythes says, "so much so that I found myself doing it unconsciously in public. Television has really meant a great deal to my wife in the last few years."

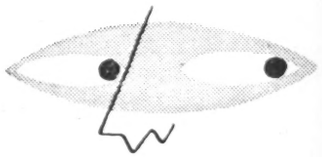
Mr. Scythes is firm and quick, almost bustling in his manner, and friendly without being effusive. He is proud of the growth of his firm. He says: "Scythes and Company is not only my job, it's my hobby. And I'm still the best producer the company has."

DESIRES CHANGE

Age 40 — Scots-Canadian — ready for change where prospects are more in keeping with my experience and ability. Seven years' organizing Federal Gov't. stores receiving and despatching valuable equipment. Also purchasing department supplies. Would be more valuable in mechanical or building supplies, having experience and working knowledge in the building trades. Joined Gov't. service on release from R.C.A.F., but feel advancement too slow. Location no barrier, and change is not urgent. Health good. 5 yrs. high school.

BOX NO. 267, SATURDAY NIGHT

how



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Advertising

The Wonder Drugs

By John Carlton

A NOTABLE EFFORT is being made by the Ontario Pharmacists Association to educate the general public on the achievements of the leading drug manufacturers in developing "wonder drugs". An institutional advertising campaign, the third in a series, demonstrates how these drugs have conquered diseases once regarded as almost invincible and added to the expectations of life of countless thousands of people. The ads explain how long and costly research in laboratories has brought about this revolution, emphasizing that the "wonder drugs" concerned are available only through qualified drug stores.

Several Canadian banks began the year with vigorous advertising campaigns of various types, including the promotion of "Christmas Clubs". What the total advertising expenditure of these banks will be this year nobody knows, but it will be a small fraction of the advertising outlay of banks in the United States. According to a survey by the American Bankers' Association, the 14,130 commercial banks in the U.S. will spend a record $68 million on advertising this year, approximately $7 million more than the total budget for last year. Copy themes will include emphasis on savings and thrift, checking accounts, automobile and personal loans, in that order. Lobby and window displays on behalf of customers will also be featured. Budgets will range from $2,500 for the smallest banks and from $100,000 to $1 million for the largest.

Those who consider restrictions on liquor advertising in Canada onerous in the extreme would be surprised if they knew the delicate chalk-walking that must be done by that industry in the United States. Liquor advertising there appears high, wide, and handsome, but both copy and illustrations have to be prepared carefully to meet the many and rigid requirements of the Federal law. In addition, they have to be checked against the requirements of various state laws. Thirty-three states have their own restrictions, some of which seem fantastic to those unfamiliar with their origin. Some states prohibit any reference to price; others bar illustrations of pets and drinking scenes; dogs must not be seen in liquor ads in Kentucky; Oregon tolerates small dogs only, and Utah puts the ban on pictures of any dogs, big or small.

Operation of a factory in Canada by General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., will eventually mean a considerable increase in Canadian advertising expenditures. The new plant, on its 50-acre site, will manufacture many of the company's grocery products, all of which enjoy vigorous advertising promotion in the United States, to the extent of over $17 million annually.

ONE OF BELL TELEPHONE'S SPECIALIZED COMMUNICATIONS SERVICES

AVOID LOST TIME, WASTE MOTION

REACH HIM BY

BELL MOBILE TELEPHONE

You can "catch" him on his rounds or on the road simply by lifting your telephone. Bell Mobile Telephone Service makes easy the prompt re-routing of vehicles and equipment, quick action in emergencies, immediate contact with key personnel.

And it means that *you* can call from a vehicle to office, home, another company vehicle, or any of the millions of telephones reached by Bell. Private mobile telephone systems are also available.

Radio telephone equipment is installed in your vehicles by Bell, is maintained by Bell technicians on call in *your own area*. You simply pay monthly service charges, avoiding capital costs and the worry and expense of replacements and repairs.

For a study of your needs, and recommendations on the most suitable type of Bell Mobile Telephone Service, get in touch with our nearest business office.

Whatever your communications problems, be sure to consult Bell . . . specialists with the men, the resources and the technical knowledge to engineer, build, install and maintain all types of communications systems.

Private Line and Intercommunicating Telephone Systems

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Three-quarters of a century exclusively in the communications field

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Wishing won't do it but Life Insurance will

Head Office: TORONTO

FOUR SQUARE

EATON'S
GARDEN-PARTY-COTTONS
HAVE ARRIVED . . . AT EATON'S
They're the high key of Spring and a step ahead of Summer—
joyfully joining the birds and the bees in happy anticipation of
the Maytime air. They're prettier than ever, more polished,
more party-going—embossed or embroidered, on crinoline . . .
There's a silky new splendour about the cottons—at Eaton's!
EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Food

By Bevis Walters

APRIL heralds more than good weather to Canadians. It announces also the imminence of the bounteous harvest of Spring and Summer. The first tangible sign of this bounty is the arrival of fresh asparagus in the market.

The most popular ways of serving asparagus are to boil it and serve hot or cold with a sauce. Even if boiling sounds easy, it is not, and if the boiling is difficult, the compounding of the sauces is an art.

The boiling is difficult because you are dealing with objects which are tough at one end and tender at the other. The only way it can be done satisfactorily is to boil them "standing". This is most easily done by tying them into a bundle and then placing them in a pot of boiling salted water with the tips uncovered. The pot should then be covered with a lid from which just a little steam is able to escape and allowed to boil 15 to 20 minutes. Fifteen minutes is ample if the asparagus is fresh picked. Before being tied into bundles for boiling, the stalks should be cut evenly and scraped with a knife.

Freshly picked asparagus is a thing of joy and is best eaten boiled and dipped in butter, but when it is not "just picked" a sauce, properly compounded, adds zest.

The most popular sauces for asparagus served hot are melted butter (with black pepper), *sauce mousseline* (sometimes called *Mousseuse*), or Hollandaise.

This last sauce requires great care in making but adds flavor and delicacy to the dish. For asparagus served cold, *sauce vinaigrette* is best.

Cheese has an affinity with asparagus and many different recipes have been devised to exploit this characteristic. Asparagus *Milanaise* is probably the best known. It is made in the following manner: Lay the cooked asparagus on a long dish in layers. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Pour some melted butter over the cheese. Brown quickly under a broiler.

Hungary grows a tall firm variety of asparagus and in that country a spoon of sugar as well as salt is added to the water when boiling it. When it is cooked, the asparagus is taken from the water, drained well, then placed in a casserole which has already been well buttered and in which is a mixture of fresh cream and some browned bread crumbs. Then more cream is added (almost enough to cover) and more browned bread crumbs and it is baked at about 400° until it is thoroughly browned.

Way out West in the U.S. they have their own way of preparing asparagus. As far as is known, this is the only part of the world where asparagus is habitually fried. Once more the asparagus is boiled in salted and sugared water. It is then dipped in a mixture of well-beaten eggs, to which salt and pepper have been added, then rolled in bread crumbs and fried in butter until brown.

PRINTS FOR *Spring, a Dior original in soft surah, in an odd combination of beige and blue. Dior calls it* Avril du Portugal. *Imported by Holt Renfrew.*

Conversation Pieces:

TIME was measured in early days in many ways. Some 2,500 years ago, Babylonians measured it by controlling the flow of water from a container. Later, the Chinese introduced sundials and water clocks; the Phoenicians used notched candles, and the Athenians had hour-glasses. Then, in the 15th century, came "portable" watches. On the following page are some photographs of early watches, now museum pieces. The average modern watch ticks 157,680,000 times a year and the average balance wheel travels 16.95 miles in a day, according to the Jewellery Industry Council.

New executive officers: Mrs. A. C. Abbott, as Chairman of the Women's Committee of the Winnipeg Art Gallery, and Mrs. Boyd Campbell, as President of the University Women's Club of Montreal.

A fashion note for summer: A huge tangerine chiffon square tucked into the belt of a white frock, of Grecian simplicity—like the one worn by Elizabeth Taylor in Paramount's *Elephant Walk*. The movie is also a pleasant way to get some authentic views of Ceylon, where the prime ministers of five Asian nations are meeting next week.

The Regina Women's Liberal Club presented its first Honorary Life Membership recently to Mrs. E. C. Rossie. She was the Club's first president and served continuously for ten years.

Ausma Rabe, of Kingston, Ont., won the $1,400 Marty Memorial research scholarship, given by Queen's University Alumnae Association. She will continue her graduate studies in experimental psychology. A Latvian by birth, she was driven out of her country by the invading Russians.

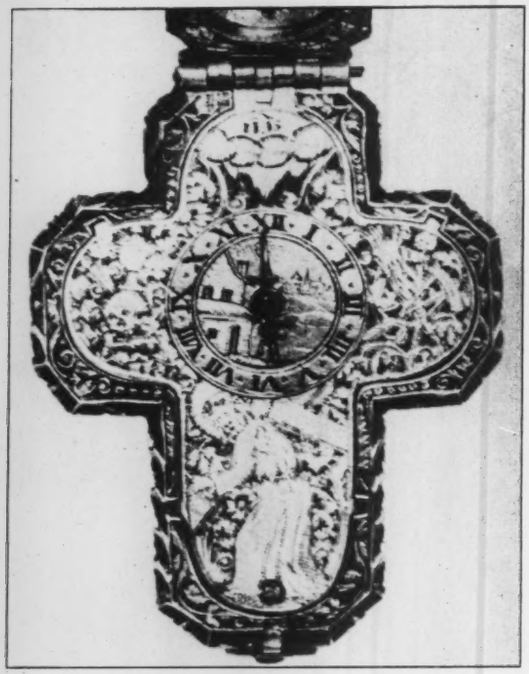
Mrs. Egmont Frankel has been appointed to the Board of Directors of the Ontario Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation. She was the co-founder and the first President of the Toronto branch.

Regents in IODE municipal chapters: Mrs. N. A. McMillan, at Winnipeg, and Mrs. R. McCulloch Allan, for a fourth term in Ottawa.

Weddings: Miriam Weston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Weston, of London and Richmond, Va, to Charles Burnett, son of Mrs. Charles Burnett, of Richmond; Audrey Elizabeth Bovey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Quentin C. D. Bovey, to John F. B. Amsden, son of Mrs. P. C. H. Amsden, both of Montreal; Janet Louis, of England, to Lieut. E. James Graham Clinton Atwood, RCN, son of Major and Mrs. J. P. C. Atwood, of Kamloops, BC.

One of the most touching tributes to the late Agnes MacPhail came to our attention just recently. The Inmates Welfare Committee of Kingston Penitentiary sent a wreath to her funeral, in remembrance of all she had done to better conditions in Canadian penitentiaries.

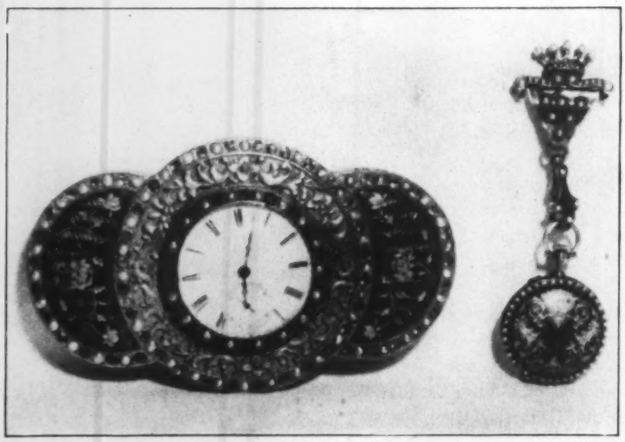
It's amazing how advertising writers can turn practically any news item to their own advantage. Coro brought out some floral jewellery including earrings, a chaplet for the hair, wristlets and necklaces. Almost immediately, the Fragrance Foundation had a letter on our desk pointing out that a touch of perfume on the floral jewellery will add "just that extra something".



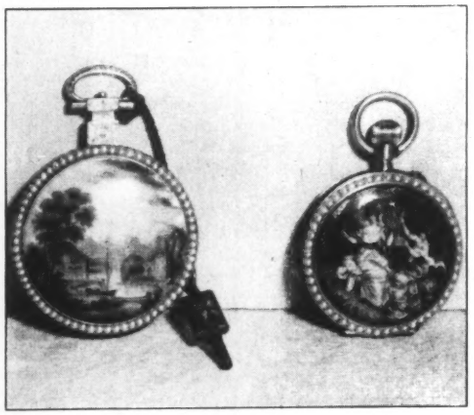
FOLLOWING *the Reformation, goldsmiths in Geneva were forbidden to make crosses, but cross-shaped watches appeared, such as the one in the greatly enlarged photograph above. The cover, of mountain crystal, has been lifted to show the decorations. The watch is signed by Jean Cusin* (1585-1656).

A SWISS WATCH, *made around* 1625 *and signed by Martin Duboule. The flower work is in red and green enamel. It was made before painting on enamel was known. The single hand is mounted with three diamonds; the case is adorned with large cut diamonds.*

GOLDSMITHS *of the 17th century often made jewels in the form of death's heads. The death's head watch above was made by Jean Jacques Rousseau, great-grandfather of the philosopher. The skull case is of embossed and chiselled silver. The watch opens between the jaws.*



THE BELT *buckle case (left) is an early Chinese one, possibly K'ang Hsi period, and is made of decorated Champlève enamel, set with pearls and rubies. The inset watch is 18th century Swiss. The chatelaine watch has a gold case with green enamel decoration, set with pearls. Both are at the Royal Ontario Museum.*



TWO WATCHES *in gold cases with enamel backs, set with pearls. The watch at the left is by Berrud and Son, London, and is possibly 18th century; the one at the right is by La Ferrière of Switzerland, and belongs to the early 19th century. They are at the Royal Ontario Museum.*

Telling The Time

IT WASN'T until about the end of the 15th century that "portable" watches made their appearance. Peter Hele, of Nuremberg, Germany, is credited with making the first ones. Because they were egg shaped, they were called at first "Nuremberg live eggs". The term "watch" is believed to have come from *wachen* and the watchmen who made their rounds.

Most of the early watches were big and heavy. It took an oil can to lubricate some of them. Many were made of iron and wealthy men hired servants to carry them through the streets. Later, though still heavy, they were worn as baubles dangling from the waist.

Nor were they good timekeepers. Probably for that reason—and also because they were so expensive—wealthy people carried two watches. The owner consulted both and took the average as his estimate of the hour. But often to save expense, especially when a set of watches was practically demanded of a gentleman (this was true in France), he would buy one without the works, purely as an adornment.

Women have always been fond of watches as jewellery. In 1571 the Earl of Leicester presented Queen Elizabeth I with a gold bracelet watch embellished with diamonds and pearls. And in the 18th century, Madame Pompadour received a watch set in a gold ring. Even in the 16th century, when watches were almost prohibitive in price, wealthy women prized the highly decorative cases and bought watches as we, today, buy costume jewellery, to complement a costume.

Sometimes 16th century watch cases were fashioned like a skull (see photograph to left) and some watches were made in the form of octagonal jewels, crosses (see upper left photograph), purses, little books, dogs and seashells. Today we find watches in such novel settings as lip sticks, cuff links and pencils.

PHOTOS *of Swiss watches are courtesy of the Watchmakers of Switzerland; those at the Royal Ontario Museum are by Ashley & Crippen.*

YEAR *by year, separates have grown in popularity. Here is a demure white blouse by Ship 'n Shore, with petal collar. It can be dressed up with a bouffant skirt and gold jewellery.*

• •

Just Think!

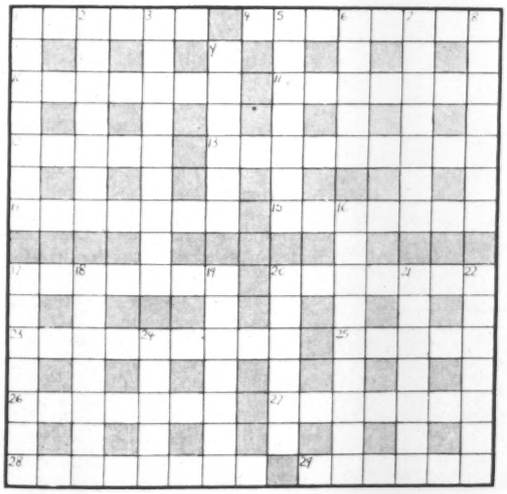
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. R (6)
4. Re 13? (8)
10. I danced when Voltaire called the tune. (7)
11. The lieutenant no doubt commands attention from this. (7)
12. It shows Alice as a law-maker? (5)
13. A contract to grasp where one's property's concerned. (9)
14. His days are numbered as the year draws to a close. (7)
15. But they don't all take in the sails, or do they? (7)
17. When up to this you're fit to burst— (7)
20. —into this, getting an "A" for nothing! (7)
23. Abel's plea to his brother to get a move on, came as a blow. (9)
25. If "Traviata" gets out at five, it may get you roped in. (5)
26. Six rulers of old Scandinavia? (7)
27. Rise and fish. (7)
28. Indulged in by a light sleeper? (8)
29. The editor made a brief appearance at the bridegroom's party, perhaps. (6)

DOWN

1. A lot cuss them, no doubt. (7)
2. Lord Ian was entitled to change his name in Handel's opera. (7)
3. Pa's joined the police greatly agitated. (9)
5. The chorus usually does, even without an encore. (7)
6. Not extremely belated. (5)
7. If it's nothing to go to the Italian river, then go! (7)
8. One is barely presentable, when one does. (7)
9. It has lowered many a rich man's spirits? (6)
16. One who could would have been busy at the Tower of Babel. (9)
17. In bed have acted thus? (7)
18. He must, to release the prisoner. (7)
19. Provides suitable burial for 15? (4, 3)
20. We confess we make it clean! (6)
21. Behold, a companion of Dong. (7)
22. It's the last street we come to. (4, 3)
24. The man one feeds, but never sees. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Stuffed owls
9. Anarchy
10. Preface
11. Crime waves
12. See 30
14. Pedigree
16. Gander
18. Gamble
20. Monarchs
24. Lost
25. Gooseberry
28. Eritrea
29. Edition
30, 12. Feather your nest

DOWN

1. Sea-bird
2. Uncle
3. Flypaper
4. Dapper
5. Wren
6. Seaweed
7. Madcap
8. Nestor
13. Lava
15. Gold
17. Monsieur
18. Gullet
19. Mastiff
21. Carrier
22. Saying
23. Potash
26. Bolte
27. Aria

(310)

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Letters

Handling McCarthy

IN SATURDAY NIGHT, April 3, you published a couple of articles about McCarthy and there was not a good word for him . . .

I come from a country behind the Iron Curtain and I know exactly what Communism means, and is, and how it works—before and after . . . I am convinced that even a dozen McCarthys would not be enough to stop Communist infiltration in high positions and everywhere . . .

Montreal RENI WOLF

MR. WOODSIDE (April 3) examines the different ways of stifling Senator McCarthy's voice—newspapers ignoring him, urging people to stay away from his now postponed meeting in Toronto, or even barring his entry into Canada.

This arbitrary dismissal of McCarthy reminds us of McCarthy's treatment of Mrs. Moses; he denied her the right to testify on her own behalf before his committee, remarking: "she stands convicted by other testimony".

We can no more employ McCarthy methods to fight McCarthyism than Communist methods to fight Communism.

Saskatoon G. GERRARD

Birth of a Bomb

IN THE beginning, God created the heaven and the earth—now man seems determined to destroy the earth:

Whole islands sink beneath the sea,
When H-bombs blast, man, home, and Thee.
Is Hell on earth to be our fate?
O God! please nudge the Church awake.
The preachers frightened us with hell-fire flames,
And smacked their lips o'er joys in store for sinners—
But not 'til death had stilled our weary frames.
Now politicians plan a hell on earth,
To roast the good—as well as all the sinners.
Hark! Hark! the angels sing: "The H-bomb's birth".

Vancouver WILLIAM MITCHELL

Art Shows

CHEERS for Andrew Bell. It's about time considered and judicious evaluation was made of our featureless and characterless group shows that we are forced to accept as the show windows of Canadian painting. And the time is ripe for gallery directors to be reminded, however gently, that their duties lie in directions other than presiding at social functions. By all means, let us see more and better one-man shows.

There are two points I should like to bring to Mr. Bell's attention, however.

If he firmly believes, as he suggests, that the role of the artist is to interpret the world around us and within us to his neighbors, why must galleries, public and commercial, be advocated as the only suitable place of exhibition? If communication is a necessary completion to the creative act, why cannot the medium of communication be expanded? . . .

At the risk of mouthing jargon, cannot art be brought to the people? Can not libraries, community centres, hospital waiting rooms, government offices, yes, even restaurants be allowed to permit paintings to convey their quiet messages of beauty as the public goes about its daily tasks? Let us consider whether beauty is a commodity that must necessarily be dished out at certain specified hours only in properly blessed temples. . .

I should also like to question Mr. Bell's inference that the inadequacy of present exhibiting facilities acts as a deterrent to the artist. Mr. Bell admits that the present group shows stimulate some artists to dash off pictures with the sole and simple motive of exhibiting them. However, he does not seem to fear that the proffered prize of a one-man show will encourage the slip-shod and contrived manufacture of thirty canvases, with results proportionately dire. . .

Toronto ROSS ROBINSON

IN APPRECIATION of Andrew Bell's article, "Canada's Art Shows" . . .

How often in the past have I at Vancouver's Art Gallery seen "murky abstracts, still-lifes of trivia, scant exaltation either of beauty or the challenges of our age" . . .

I conclude with the statement that the "arts" in any country must have the subsidization and blessing of the government concerned.

ROBERT HARVEY KILLWYN

Los Angeles, Cal.

Recognition

AS A CANADIAN high-school student I wish to express my opinion of Mr. John A. Stevenson's article concerning Canada's stand on the recognition of Red China.

Mr. Stevenson finds in "the opponents of the Communist Government of China" an "imperfect knowledge" of history. I find in Mr. Stevenson's school of thought an unrealistic attitude to facts — namely the slaughter of thirty million Chinese, the million-plus refugees in Hong Kong, including the scholars, the expulsion of all missionaries, the refusal of Chinese prisoners-of-war to return home. . .

As a representative of Canadian youth I, too, would like to look forward to a future of peace and prosperity, but not because we paid off the potential aggressor by selling the lives of her unfortunate victims in an attempt to receive peace at all costs. . .

CHARLOTTE JUDSON

Niagara Falls, Ont.

Of Many Things

HERE are a few more words in praise of the lovely dandelion in conjunction with your splendid article in the April 10 issue. They are from "Bounty of the Wayside", by Walter Beebe Wilder.

"My grandfather", says Mr. Wilder, "was a fanatic on the subject of dandelions. Next to horseradish, he liked them better than anything that grew. He said you could use any part of them, the roots dried and ground for coffee, the leaves for salad or spinach, the blossoms for wine or just to look at. When I asked him how about the seed, he said you could plant them and have more dandelions. In an effort to trap him I asked about the flower stems. Without a word he picked a long one, split the large end into four pieces that curled back, and blew through the small end. It made a derisive sound like a 'Bronx cheer'."

Ottawa E. L. DU PLESSIS

SO TORONTO has got itself a subway! So what! So everybody from Port Alberni to Cape Race is supposed to salaam thrice daily in the direction of the metropolis. The farther Toronto goes underground the better.

Vancouver ARTHUR CHENEY

IT WAS bad enough to have your Front Page writer praising wrestling matches as art forms but that you should follow this up the next week with Coleman's article on the "Honest Grapplers" fills me with regret.

Leaside, Ont. JAMES L. MORTICE

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